MAINE FARMER.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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The Maine Farmer.

N. T. TRUE, } EDITORS.
J. H. MANN, }

Our Home, Our Country, and our Brother Man.

Evidences of a Good Farmer.

The thrifty, prudent farmer,—one interested in his business, and who pursues it as well for the love of it as for the profit it will surely afford if conducted with system and economy—is constantly engaged in fixing up his premises, and putting them in more convenient and thorough order. He spends no stormy days at the country village, as do his less prudent neighbors, nor does he have any spare hours in which to loaf at the corner shop or store. His time is better employed. In winter as well as in summer he has his stormy day work planned before hand, reserving to be performed at such time some needed job that can be done without interfering with the regular work of the farm on pleasant days. But while constantly active, and watchful that no time is lost or wasted, he always has plenty of time to receive and make calls upon his neighbors, attend to necessary business that frequently calls him away from home, and store his mind with useful knowledge. It is this very attention to his home duties, this husbanding of his time, this constant care to the little necessary fixings of his farm and buildings that enables him to keep before his work and have time for a day's leisure without being driven by his business. Not only are the more important matters upon his farm attended to, but the little details are not overlooked. While his fields are smooth and productive, his fences upright and permanent, and his buildings well painted and in good repair, at the same time the windows to his house are not stuffed with old rags, the latches and handles to his doors are perfect, and the numberless little contrivances, quite inexpressive in themselves but which render a set of arm buildings so convenient and handy are to be found at every turn.

There are many otherwise good farmers who are entirely regardless of these little fixtures, and who devote all their time to the larger matters. Now we hold that while the latter should by all means be made the main objects of attention, the former should on no account be neglected, and it is as much the part of the thoroughly good farmer to see to the one as the other. We enjoy visiting a farm where this attention to little matters, this time spent in "fixing up," is everywhere noticeable and in complete keeping with the more weighty matters. We like to see well built gates, instead of bars, barn-doors on rollers instead of hinges, and fodder racks for sheep instead of feeding them upon the ground or floor. We like to see all doors to out buildings provided with hasps for both fastening them upon the inside if necessary, and also for securing them back, when open, from the action of the wind; to see a gate to shut across a barn door to keep out cattle or sheep when the door is open; to find in connection with every barn or stable a closet for harnesses and carriage robes, as well as a tool-room and a room for the storage of the larger farm tools and implements; to find hooks for hanging up odd pieces of rope, chains, shovels and the like, and nails for hanging up the smaller tools and utensils used upon the farm, as well as boxes for the reception of old iron and every sort of waste; and a work-bench and tools for making and repairing all kinds of farm implements. If in examining the buildings upon a farm we find the latter, we are also generally sure to find all the other conveniences suggested above, as well as many others it is not necessary to enumerate. And one hardly knows, without having tried it, how much the former can accomplish during his spare hours in the way of fixing up his buildings with these handy accompaniments, nor how much they add to the actual value of the farm, not only for himself in performing the necessary work upon it, but in the estimation of any one wishing to purchase a farm. Attention to these little matters mark the really economical, successful farmer.

We recently passed the residence of a man, who would be indignant did we not class him among the best farmers in the town where he resides, whose ox-cart was standing by the road side where it was last used, and a part of whose harrow was visible from beneath a snow drift in an adjoining field. They will be all ready when wanted in the spring, but we fear the example of the farmer, in this matter will be hard to be counteracted by his more commendable qualities; and the contrast between him and the farmer who has all his tools and implements well housed in his out-buildings or barn cellar is too striking to need further illustration.

An Example to be Imitated.

In conversation recently with an intelligent and observing farmer who resides in one of the up-river towns, he informed us that last season during the months of August and September, young sportsmen from Boston and New York were occupying their time for weeks in shooting the Upland or Field Plover which at that time are found in large flocks in nearly all the open fields and pastures of the New England States. They were driven from field to field and from farm to farm by these amateur sportsmen, but on approaching the land of our informant he gave them strict and positive orders not to touch foot upon it for the purpose of shooting these birds. They were of course gentlemanly in the matter and complied with his request, but the adjoining district was thoroughly scoured. It is well known that these birds destroy innumerable quantities of grasshoppers, and other insects, and the example of our farmer friend is one to be imitated by all who own a rod of land. The birds are the farmers' friends, and he should extend to them all the protection in his power.

Pulling Flax by Machinery.

A late number of the *Canada Farmer* describes a new invention for pulling flax by machinery. The machine has a share-like projection similar to that at the outer end of the scythe of a mowing machine which guages off the swath to be pulled. The flax is drawn in between a drum, revolving horizontally, and a strong rope, and held so tight that it is pulled up as the drum revolves, and dropped as the drum and rope separate again. The writer assumes that the great labor of pulling the flax by hand has been a chief obstable to its cultivation, and that this machine will make the cultivation much more feasible.

Fish Hatching.

The following intelligence will gratify all interested in the work of re-stocking our New England rivers with edible fish. It is taken from the *Country Gentleman*, and is dated at Charlestown, N. H., Dec. 11th:

"The first salmon of the season hatched to-day. They are a part of the lot of 40,000 which were placed by the New England Commissioners at the Cold Spring Trout Ponds at Charlestown, N. H., to be hatched for the Connecticut river. The eyes of the embryo salmon were first clearly seen in the egg about the 25th of November. The eggs were taken from the parent salmon, on the Miramichi, on the 10th of October, making 62 days for the period of their incubation. The first trout which broke shell at these hatching works this season came out on the 9th of November, 35 days from the time when they were taken from the breeders, being the quickest time on record for trout in this country."

Notes from our Copy Drawer.

SHEEP IN WINTER. Sheep, of all other domestic animals of the farm, seem less fitted to withstand the severe weather and dry forage of our long winters. This would seem to be proved from the fact that they are the last of the forage consuming animals that come to the barn, often remaining out after snow has fallen to the depth of several inches, pawing through it to obtain the scanty feed furnished by the frozen ground, and are the first to leave the yards in the spring, seeking the fresh earth and refusing almost entirely any other fodder after once having obtained a taste of the new grass. The avidity with which they snatch at and devour green browse during the winter season is also another evidence of what we have said. Now the sheep-keeper should, in every possible way, endeavor to make up for this unnatural condition of the flocks in winter by the closest attention to their wants, as by this means their profit is largely enhanced. The dry forage should be varied as often as consistent with roots of some kind, such as potatoes, turnips, &c., and the best hay should be fed to them during the first part of winter. Once in two or three weeks haul into the sheep yard the top of a scrubby hemlock. The sheep will completely strip it of its foliage and be in better condition for the change of diet it gives them. Provide them warm quarters and separate the flock, giving the young and weak more room, as if kept with those that are large and healthy they will surely be crowded and robbed. Breeding ewes should receive extra care, the best of keeping and plenty of room.

BOARD OF AGRICULTURE. Moses L. Wilder of Pembroke, has been elected member of the Board of Agriculture for Washington county. It will also be seen from our columns that Hon. Samuel Wasson has been re-elected to represent Hancock county. This is the fourth term of his service in this capacity, and we are glad one so able to represent his section of the State will again take his place at the Board where he has so long rendered signal service to the cause of improved agriculture throughout our whole State.

HUTCHINGS' FUMIGATOR. We have received the most direct and convincing testimony as to the usefulness and value of this little invention, from large numbers of farmers who have used them. Tobacco smoke is much more effectual in destroying lice, ticks, &c., and less liable to injure the animal than any kind of tobacco wash, and it is far more easily and directly applied. The inventor has justly been awarded many premiums and medals for the same, and farmers who desire to do so can procure them at this office. Price $3.

OTTER OR CREEPER SHEEP. We recently saw at the farm of Mr. Heman H. Gibbs, in Waterville, three sheep of the Otter or Creeper breed, about which something has lately been said in our columns. They are very well proportioned, somewhat hollow-backed, with short legs, which bow out. It is impossible for them to jump, and they walk with a sort of hobble. One of them, a two-year-old ewe, sheared the past season 5½ lbs.

OATS FOR STOCK. An old farmer informs us that after an experience of forty years, he finds no food so good to keep cattle in good heart, and especially for cows and sheep when coming in, as scalded oats. He says that the calves and lambs will be healthy and active, and that the loss of his lambs is of rare occurrence. It is worthy of note.

GOOD FIELD. Mr. L. B. Lawton, on the City Farm, Augusta, raised the past season on two acres of land 247½ bushels of ears of corn, averaging nineteen quarts of shelled corn to the basket. Also upon the same land 22½ bushels of beans from seed planted with the corn.

New Publications.

THE GRAPE VINE. The latest addition to our grape literature appears in a neat little book of 129 pages, with the above title, being a translation from the German of the first part of the well known treatise on grape culture by Prof. Frederick Mohr. The translation has been made by Mr. Charles Siedhof of Weehawken, N. J., well known as a contributor to our horticultural literature under the *nom-de-plume* of "Horticola," who has rendered the work of great value to our grape growers by adding useful hints on the propagation and general treatment of American varieties. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York City, and for sale in this city by Pierce Bros., Water street. Price $1.

THE SEXUALITY OF NATURE. The author of this work, Mr. Leo. H. Grindon, is known to American readers by his previous books on "Plant Life," and the "Little Things of Nature," small volumes, like the one under notice, but full of original and suggestive thought. This essay is designed to show that sex and the marriage union are universal principles, fundamental alike in physics, physiology and psychology, and if all the author's statements are not accepted as correct they will command attention from their novelty and force. The book is issued in good style by Nichols & Noyes, Boston, and is for sale in this city at the book store of Pierce Brothers.

Department of Agriculture.

We have received a copy of the report of Mr. John W. Stokes, Acting Commissioner of Agriculture, just made to the President, reviewing the operations of his department for the year 1867. Among his suggestions are those urging Congress to devise some plan for facilitating the early construction of a ship canal for the transportation of Western products from the lakes to the ocean, or for the building of a double track railway, open to all, forwarding on equal terms, and supported by an equitable system of tolls; the rescinding of the cotton tax, inasmuch as it is "disastrous and disheartening in the extreme;" the repeal or modification of the law prohibiting the importation of cattle, and deprecating the introduction of Coolies for the production of cotton. He is gratified that the wool growing interest involving a capital of hundreds of millions, and underlying the prosperity of American agriculture in a degree scarcely appreciated by farmers themselves, has been saved from threatening annihilation by the action of Congress in placing a duty upon the foreign article equivalent to the internal taxation endured by the wool-growers. The entire report is one containing many valuable suggestions and statistics, and is a model for brevity and compactness.

Mulch for Fruit Trees.

A subscriber would like to know through the FARMER if horse manure, where straw is used for bedding, would be a good mulch for young apple-trees.

NOTE. The material spoken of above will make an excellent mulch, and we wish it might be more generally used for the purpose than it is. For newly set trees a mulch of some sort, either the above, straw, chip dirt or forest leaves should invariably be used as it will more than pay the expense twice over in the benefit it will be to the tree A mulch of some kind not only serves as an excellent protection against the ill effects of midsummer drouths, which often prove of great injury to newly planted trees, but it is also a good substitute for mellow culture in situations unfavorable for fruit trees, or in places where good cultivation cannot be secured.—Eds.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Thoughts about Farming and Farm Life—No. 1.

A large majority of the population of our State live on farms, and are engaged in the plain and substantial work of farm life. Whatever affects the farmers, whether for good or evil, concerns the most numerous, the most influential, and the most productive class of our people.

The acres they possess and cultivate, the houses they live in, the animals they rear, the crops they raise, the money they earn and spend, the schools and academies they support, the taxes they pay for municipal, State and national purposes, the votes they cast in the election of all civil officers, and the different contributions they render to every private and public enterprise, make the farmers of Maine the controlling element of civil power, and their are the foundation of all other wealth. Not a merchant, nor manufacturer, nor teacher, nor politician, nor professional man could find support without the farmers. They feed and clothe other men, directly or indirectly. They are the workers; and by the law of nature, work is the indispensable thing in life.

It is not asserted, nor assumed, that other men do not work in other departments of useful industry, and by talent, skill and valuable service, add largely to the welfare and wealth of society; but the volume of muscle that grasps the plow-handle, and swings the scythe in countless meadows, and fills barn, granary and cellar annually, in the State, is immensely larger than that given to any other work. Not only muscle, but thought, invention, patience, and those affections that blossom by the fireside and fill the home with the sweetness of conjugal and filial love, are among the possessions of the tillers of the soil, who work in the high office of seconding the efforts of mother earth in converting mineral, sunshine and rain, into grain and fruit and beef, for the sustenance of man.

Another fact which adds to the importance of farmers as a class, to every interest of the State, is that from their homes are drawn the young men of stamina, both intellectual and physical, who leave the paternal acres to go into other fields, where they so often gather abundant harvests. The men of power are raised on the farms and called into the city; and so the centres of trade and cultivation and refinement are replenished with live men from the country. We hope the time may come, when more such gifted young men will be retained on the farm. It cannot be overestimated—the worth of true farm life—country life, as the reservoir of that purity, intelligence and solid integrity of character, which give vitality to a State, as their legitimate influences go forth through various channels.

Again consider the independence of farm life—the result of owning and controlling an ample domain as a home, with forest, orchard, garden, flocks and herds, all tributary to the family comfort; the result of a surplus of those things which other men need, and are willing to purchase at a fair price; the result of early rising, honest work, wise economy and moderate, but sure accumulations from year to year.

The government sends him a mail once or several times a week, so that in his country home he receives the journals of agriculture, politics, science and religion, which keep him posted as to the doings of Congress and the State Legislature, that furnish instruction, amusement, subjects for reflection and experiment, and that enlarge, adorn and refine the noblest province of his possessions—his mind.

In these times, how rapidly the water-powers of our rivers and streams are being used for the encouragement of mechanical industry; and every water-wheel, every spindle, every lathe, every trip hammer makes a constantly increasing demand for the surplus products of the farm. Around every improved water-power, orchards, fields and pastures have a golden fringe.

The railroads, starting from the hungry and avaricious metropolis, whose population is by hundreds of thousands of men that must be fed and clothed, whose ships are waiting for freight for the other side of the world, whose wealth is seeking profitable investment, they are penetrating farther and wider into the rich agricultural regions, and furnishing the farmer a market at his door for every conceivable article he can part with. Truly, the farmer is as independent as is consistent with his obligations to his fellow workers in other walks of life.

May every farmer who shall read these few words, cherish a becoming respect for himself as a farmer, and a just appreciation of the occupation to which he is devoting the energies of his best days. Respect for our calling awakens a desire for rational and constant improvement. A man who simply stays on a farm, without thought, or method or ambition, is not a reputable person; but a genuine farmer, a worker, a producer, must be as honorable in his station as a judge on the bench, or a Governor of the State.

W. A. P. D.

For the Maine Farmer.

An Experiment with Plaster.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the spring of 1859, I bought an old run-out field that had been mowed for a good many years without dressing, and in most part without plowing, and for several years it had hardly produced hay enough to pay the expense of cutting. Having used plaster with good results on my home farm, I bought this with the intention of experimenting still farther, and the result, as I shall show you, was quite satisfactory.

A good many years ago, before this field was cleared, I frequently had occasion to pass it, and the uncommonly heavy growth of hard wood and hemlock, led me to believe that the soil was very deep and strong, and I afterwards found out, very rocky, all of which rocks are to-day just about where nature put them; therefore it is quite impossible to get all the grass that grows. The year before I bought it, I think this field cut about six tons of hay. In April after I bought it, I sowed on one ton of plaster, and that year cut about seventeen tons of very good hay, and strange as it may seem, there was a good deal of red and white clover where before there was nothing but moss and box-berry plants. The second year I put on another ton of plaster, and cut twenty-five tons of hay, mostly clover. The third year the same amount was sown, and cut thirty-two tons of clover. Since 1861, taking the seasons together, favorable and unfavorable, I have averaged—with the same amount of plaster each year, as before—about twenty-eight tons of hay, which, for the last few years, instead of being mostly red clover, has been stout herdsgrass with a thick bottom of white clover. I propose to let the rocks remain just where they are, and treat it in the future as I have in the past. Although it may sometime cease to produce as much as it now does, I can see no signs of going back as yet, and I see no reason why it should, since every year a heavy second crop settles down among the rocks, which serves, not only to protect the roots during winter, but acts as a good top-dressing.

J. JERRARD.

Plymouth, December, 1867.

For the Maine Farmer.

Cure for Warts and Corns.

I have lately bought one of Dr. A. W. Chase's medical books, and see in it a cure for warts and corns on people; and if it is a cure on them, why not on horses? I give it to you as he says:

"Take a small piece of potash and let it stand in the open air until it slakes; then thicken it to a paste with pulverized gum arabic, which prevents it from spreading where it is not wanted. Pare off the seeds of the wart or the dead skin of the corn, apply the paste and let it remain on ten minutes. Wash off and soak the place in sharp vinegar or sweet oil, either of which will neutralize the alkali. Now do not jam nor squeeze out the wart or corn, but leave them alone, and nature will remove them without danger of taking cold, as there would be if a sore is made by pinching them out."

Dr. Chase, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, says a gentleman in Ohio offers to pay ten dollars apiece for all corns not cured in three days, by binding a bit of cotton batting upon it and wetting it three times a day with spirits of turpentine. I write this to you, hoping that it may benefit others if it be true.

Topsham, Dec. 16th. H. H.

For the Maine Farmer.

Hancock Agricultural Society.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The officers elect of the Hancock Agricultural Society for the year 1868, are as follows:

President—John P. Langdon, Ellsworth.
Vice President—Ivory Grant, Bucksport.
Secretary—Samuel Wasson, Surry.
Treasurer—Moses Hale, Ellsworth.
Trustees—Lewis Silsby, Aurora; David Ingalls, Waltham; Amory Otis, Ellsworth; F. Buck, Orland.
Member of the Board of Agriculture, Hon. Samuel Wasson. S.

Ellsworth, Dec. 9th, 1867.

For the Maine Farmer.

Methods of Feeding Stock.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Noticing from time to time, short articles in your columns on the care of stock, we feel emboldened, by your kind invitation, to describe for the benefit of those who have no regularly organized plan (which is too often the case among those who would be farmers) a method of feeding neat stock, which we have seen tried with perfect success, and have ourselves adopted to our entire satisfaction.

Our hay is sorted as it goes into the barn into three qualities, each sort being placed so that we can have access to it at any time; then if our pasture is not very good in the latter part of the summer, we turn our cattle, immediately after haying, into some field which we intend to plow within a year or two, and there let them run about ten hours each pleasant day and first, gradually decreasing as the season advances to about four hours per day, till the first regular fall of snow; feed to them in the meanwhile, night and morning, as much of the third quality of hay as they can be persuaded to eat up clean. We then stall them, feeding with the second quality three times a day and mangold wurtzels or carrots once a day, only turning them out into the yard long enough to drink once a day. When our stock of roots is exhausted, which is generally about the middle of January, we put them upon them the first quality, allowing them to stand out an hour or two each day in a sunny place, on straw, where they can steal a little of the second quality, water them twice a day, and as the days lengthen three times.

The way we manage our sheep is nearly the reverse of the above. When they come to the barn in the fall, we put them upon the best hay with a pint of poor beans or grain of some kind, to each four daily, keeping them housed continually; about the last of January we begin to diminish on the beans or grain, discontinuing altogether in about two weeks. We then turn them out each day under shelter, feeding on the second quality with a good supper of the best each night. If the second quality does not promise to last till spring, we mix the third with it.

Horses, we are not much acquainted with, but are experimenting with a view to the establishment of some method, and would most cheerfully and gratefully receive any advice on this subject, or any other, which may interest us. Hoping this may not tax your patience too severely, we remain,

Yours &c., WM. H. H. PITCHER & SON.

Etna, Dec. 9, 1867.

For the Maine Farmer

A Pork Item.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I will give you the account of my piggery. Last spring I had four shoats a year old, that I wintered over. I had one barrow and three sows. After raising sixty pigs from my three sows, no one would expect them to be very porky and heavy, but as feed was high and scarce, and pork low, it would not pay to keep them late in the season; consequently I concluded to use the knife earlier than I should if it had been otherwise. My three sows weighed over four hundred pounds each, and the barrow over five hundred pounds—the weight of the whole being seventeen hundred and twenty-six pounds. If pork and feed would have corresponded, I would liked to have kept them longer, as it would have been a very easy matter to have brought them up to twenty-two or twenty-three hundred pounds. My breed of hogs are the White Chesters, obtained direct from Pennsylvania two years ago. I like the breed, and think it is well worth raising. I would have the reader bear in mind that there is a wide difference between making pork and raising pigs at the same time, and making pork without raising pigs.

GEO. L. FOGLER.

So. Hope, Dec. 13th, 1867.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Better Laborers Demanded.

One of the bad things about farming is the want of intelligent, trusty and reliable help. The farmers of New York are annually throwing away large sums of money upon laborers, not one in ten of whom can do the ordinary work of the farm, except under careful and minute supervision. We have laborers who demand and are paid enormous wages that cannot handle an ax, a plow, or do any farm work skillfully. Many of them do not understand the care of stock, nor even how to harness or use a team properly. They may be willing to work but cannot set themselves about it. They have no economy. They are constantly breaking and destroying every class of tools and implements put in their hands, not, perhaps, from any willful intention, but from ignorance in handling, or from sheer thoughtlessness. We hire laborers with plenty of muscle, but with a limited supply of brains. These last are cultivated in solving the problem as to how much money can be taken out of the farmer by the greatest amount of shirking. It has come to be understood that the farmer must be ever present with his workmen, leading them in the field, or he cannot farm to the best advantage. Fifteen years ago native born laborers could be hired who knew how work should be performed, who could be sent to the woods to cut and haul timber, or to plow, to sow, to reap, to build fence, and it would be done in the best manner. He who now sends "his man" to do such jobs, will be likely to find the manner of the work time lost, and the cost of breakages an expensive matter. Were it not for improved farm machinery, the majority of farmers would find farming a very unremunerative business. Our laborers are for the most part foreign born, always having worked abroad under a superintendent, and find it a task to exercise thought on their own account. What we have said above will not apply to all, it is true, but it does to many, and perhaps the majority of this class. The great want in American farming to-day, is skilled laborers. Men who will assume some care and responsibility; men who will think a little, if not deeply. A friend remarked to us recently, that of Irish laborers he preferred new hands just over, to those who had been long in this country, because the old hands were less willing to learn, were less careful, less attentive to business, and were in every way less reliable.

We are sorry to see so many farmers' sons leaving the farm and accepting some inferior place in city or village, under the impression that farm work is low business, fit only for an ignorant and low class of laborers, reckless, shiftless, and of no care or thought in farm management and economy.

In England, Scotland and Ireland, there are a large number of young men, farmers' sons, brought up to understand thoroughly the business of farming in all its departments. They go out as farm managers, but few of them come to this country. There is a demand here for such men. We hear constant inquiries for farm managers, men who can take charge of a farm, who understand all its details and are to be trusted. The salary offered is often considerable, but they are not easily found. Could we raise farming to a profession, and induce our young men to engage in it study it as a science, great advantages would result to them and the country at large. We have an example of that in Prussia. Prussia has recently startled the world by springing to the first rank among the continental nations of Europe. In counting upon the aggrandizement of Prussia, the States she has annexed, and the number of men she can put under arms, people forget the real force and true grandeur of a nation. Taking the advantage of an uninterupted peace of fifty years, Prussia has developed her agriculture, drained her marshes, brought vast tracts of unfertile land under cultivation, provoked by sound legislation the increase of landed proprietors, created schools in every village, and rendered attendance at them compulsory; raised the level of instruction in the rural districts; organized a complete system of agricultural training which extends from the village school to scientific acquirements. By these measures she has raised the agricultural profession, honored manual labor, and attracted into the ranks of simple farmers the children of the best families.

M. Emileide Lavelye, in an instructive article published in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, gives a description of a vast rural enterprise created on the frontiers of the Duchy of Posen, by M. DeSydon, who by order and economy has formed it out of seven different estates, acquired successively. But the principal cause of this development of agriculture and the pursuits connected with it in Prussia is the active participation of the classes who are independent, whom a judicious education leads to manual professions instead of inspiring them with disgust. The diffusion of instruction and scientific knowledge, says M. Lavelye, is the principal cause of the recent progress of Prussian agriculture. We may add that the habits of the well-to-do classes have contributed towards it, and that the economic action of the State has placed no obstacle in its way. Nearly all the land owners cultivate their own estates; except for detached portions, renting is the exception. They are therefore retained in the country by the care of their own interests, for nothing more imperiously requires the eye of the master than rural industry. It is true they are aided by a class of employees, who are not found in any other country. They are educated young men belonging to families in a good position, often just leaving an agricultural college, who remain for a certain time on some large estate to initiate themselves in the practical direction of one of their own. This novitiate is an ancient custom still preserved in many trades. Thus frequently the son of a rich hotel-keeper will not hesitate to enter another hotel as butler or waiter to be initiated into all the details of the service over which he will one day have to preside. When any one visits the farms he is astonished to see as superintendents the son of a banker, a baron or a rich land owner. These young people drive a cart or drive the plow. At noon they return, groom their horses, and then go and dress themselves and dine at the owner's table, to whom they are not inferior either in instruction, birth or manners. After the meal they resume their working dress and return without any false shame to their rustic occupation. Thus we find in feudal Prussia a trait of manners suited to the democratic society of the United States and which, hereafter, will become a general. In France, in England especially, a young man of the upper classes would believe his dignity compromised in performing the work of a farm laborer. The disdain of manual labor—that prejudice of ancient times—still infects, whatever may be said, our modern society. In words, labor is lauded, that creator of capital; but in fact, it is the capitalist and not the laborer who is respected. By degrees as the laborious classes shall be elevated, these sentiments will change. The moment will come when there will be no distinction between the handcraftsman and the man of science. It is singular that it should be in Prussia, that land of caste and aristocratic notions, that must be sought this type of the producer, such as he will be in future. To these considerations the author adds others of an economic order. "In many countries," he says, "the central power has hampered the progress of agriculture, by taking away the money it required. Prussia has had the good fortune to have neither colony which exhausted it, or capital which devoured it."

We cannot help thinking that the tendencies of the American people are too much towards that false education, which places idleness in honor, and entertains a disdain for manual labor. Farmers' sons now are not content to be farmers, unless they can have a farm given them. They must commence where their fathers left off, or they seek some other calling where labor seems to be more respectable, even if the gains be less.

We believe there is no better field at this time for the young man, than the farm. If he devote his attention to agriculture, and becomes proficient in all its details, there is no lack of opportunity to command good salaries, and he will be likely to lay up more money during the course of the year, than he would at the various employments in the city. What we need here is the Prusian-training, which puts farming on an equality with the best of the profession, and it is to be hoped the time is not distant when it shall have reached that grade in the opinion of young men, and that talent, education and good manners, will be sought after upon the farm as in other callings.

When we shall have elevated farming and secured this class of labor, we shall see a better system of agriculture, better returns, and more remunerative profit than are now obtained.

Feeding Fowls Boiled Grain.

In France it is the custom to cook grain given fowls when fattening, boiling in water till it is soft enough to be easily bruised between the thumb and fingers, and the boiling causing it to swell till the farina splits the enveloping membrane, and thus they term bursting. Although it is the general opinion that burst-grain is better than when it is dry for fattening poultry, this opinion has not probably been established on accurate experiments. Be this as it may, it is of no less importance to ascertain whether there is any difference of expense in feeding poultry on raw or boiled grain; that is under similar circumstances, fowls eat more or less of the one or the other.

In order to ascertain this, we had two quarts of corn boiled till well burst, and found that the increase in bulk was over four quarts. Buckwheat is increased in bulk by boiling more than any other grain, as two quarts, when well boiled, increased to seven quarts, yet it is no benefit to boil buckwheat, for the fowls consumed the seven quarts of the boiled grain nearly in the same time which two quarts of the raw grain would have sufficed them. Many have the impression that it is rather unsubstantial food.

Corn, on the other hand, is more profitable when boiled than when given raw, for the fowls, which would have consumed two quarts of the uncooked or raw corn, consumed only three quarts of the boiled grain, which are not equivalent to three pints of raw. Even calculating that they were to consume three quarts a day of the boiled grain, there would be a saving of one-fourth. In very cold weather, it should be fed to the fowls hot, and the water in which it was boiled may be given to them to drink.

Barley is also much more economical when boiled than raw, for fowls which would have eaten two quarts of raw a day, ate three quarts of boiled grain. Therefore, as five quarts of boiled barley are produced from two quarts of raw, three pints are equivalent to no more than six-fifths of a pint of the raw; consequently the expense in raw barley is to that of boiled as ten-fifths to six-fifths—that is, ten to six—showing a saving of two-fifths by giving boiled instead of raw barley.

Oats, though increased in bulk by boiling nearly one-half, are not more than rye, rendered more sufficing; for the fowls which in two days would have eaten two quarts of raw oats, consumed in the same time three and a half quarts of the boiled grain; consequently it is no saving to boil the oats.

Fowls prefer raw millet to that which has been boiled, though it would evidently be a saving in other respects to boil it, as boiling increases its bulk one-half.

The experiments proved most clearly that in every case where the price of corn and barley render it eligible to feed fowls therewith, there is considerable economy in never giving them grain raw, but well boiled, and there is no saving by boiling oats or buckwheat.—*C. N. Bement.*

The Dairy.

The variations in the yield of milch cows are caused more by the variations in the nutritive element of their food than by a change of the form in which it is given. "A cow, kept through the winter on mere straw," says a practical writer on this subject, "will cease to give milk; and, when fed in spring on green forage, will give a fair quantity of milk. But she owes the cessation and restoration of the secretion to respectively the diminution and the increase of her nourishment, and not at all to the change of form, or of outward substance, in which the nourishment is administered. Let cows receive through winter nearly as large a proportion of nutritive matter as is contained in the clover, lucerne and fresh grasses, which they eat in summer, and, no matter in what precise substance or mixture that matter may be contained, they will yield a winter's produce of milk quite as rich in casein and butyraceous ingredients as the summer's produce, and far more ample in quantity than almost any dairyman with old-fashioned notions would imagine to be possible."

We keep too much stock for the quantity of good and nutritious food which we have for it; and the consequence is cows are, in nine cases out of ten, poorly wintered, and come out in the spring weakened, if not, indeed, positively diseased, and a long time is required to bring them into a condition to yield a generous quantity of milk.

It is a hard struggle for a cow reduced in flesh and in blood to fill up the wasted system with the food which otherwise have gone to the secretion of milk; but, if she is well fed, well housed, well littered, and well supplied with pure, fresh water, and with roots or other moist food, and properly treated to the luxury of a frequent carding, and constant kindness, she comes out ready to commence the manufacture of milk under favorable circumstances.—*Milch Cows and Dairy Farming.*

Colts and Calves.

These animals should be well taken care of during the first winter; they should have a clean, warm stable, be watered twice, and fed three times a day with mess, roots, or brewers' grains, or in fact anything that will keep them in a loose, thriving condition. They will come out in the spring looking much better than those that have been wintered in an open yard, fed on dry feed, and stunted so much that it will take most of the summer to regain what they lost in winter.

The main thing is, in rearing your stock, to keep them growing. Colts should be handled daily, always doing it kindly; they should also be halter-broke, as it will be much easier done than after they get older. Care should be taken to have a strong halter for the first one, as a habit of breaking loose is not easily cured.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

Winter Care of Stock.

It was supposed that sheep could winter comfortably on the northwest side of a barn or hay stack. This favorite method of the careless farmer is to feed them at the stack with his young cattle and colts, or let them take their chance in the open yard with the cows and oxen. Here they are hooked about, scared from their food, and not unfrequently killed. It is thought that sheep can live on the refuse of the yard. It was also thought that for water they could eat snow when there was any, and when there wasn't they could very well go without an indefinite length of time. But those days and notions have passed away, and we have since learned to consult not only the actual wants, but the comfort of our flocks. The man who means to make sheep profitable, must have a place for them and attend to their feeding. The winter is the most critical time with them, and many a flock is more than decimated by neglect. The crows have rich pickings of mutton, and the boys hard pickings of pulled wool, along in the warm days of opening spring.

With regard to the size of sheep houses, I believe that it is a general rule that the sheep require from eight to ten feet of space per head, depending upon the size of the sheep. This will allow sufficient space for the racks. The selection of a location for the sheep yards and sheds, is a matter of very great importance. Whether you feed them for stock or for the butcher, you must have a dry location—if not naturally so, made such by drainage. If the ground is wet, your flock will soon be in trouble. Much of the prejudice against confining sheep to narrow quarters arises from the neglect of this precaution. The sheep have the foot ail, and contract disease in wet yards and sheds, and the evil is charged to close confinement. The fact is, the sheep are naturally gregarious, and if favored with a dry bed and plenty of fresh air, will thrive in small enclosures quite as well as other domestic animals. The sheds in all cases where it is practicable, should open toward the South.

It is absurd to expect pure air where fermentation and putrefaction are going forward. All manure and wet litter should be swept out twice a day, and means should be provided for the passing away of urine. Every cow and steer, besides being kept well littered, should be daily carried with the cattle card. We have never been able to see why this should be attended to with the horse more than the cow, and the reason assigned, that there is no time for it, applies equally in both cases, and the results will be found equally to pay for the labor. The sheds and stables must be furnished with racks and troughs, so that the stock can be fed with hay, grain, or roots, at the option of the owner. There should be room enough for all the cattle to feed at once.

In every barnyard and in every trough, accessible at all times to sheep, horses, and cattle of all kinds, there should be a lump of rock salt for the animals to lick at pleasure. All stock should have a variety of nutritious food, be fed sparingly, not wastefully, and what they do not eat, regularly taken away. Most persons have cornstalks, and hay and straw a little damaged, which if fed unprepared would be much wasted. Now, let this be run through a straw cutter, then mixed with a little meal and moistened, and it will be a vastly more palatable dish, little or none will be wasted, and what is eaten will be well digested. We have no doubt that it pays quite as well to pass hay through the machine, as the coarsest fodder. A root-cutter is also an indispensable adjunct to the barn, and the more perfectly it comminutes the roots the better. The practice of skillful farmers differs considerably here, both as to time and the articles of food consumed. Some feed thrice daily, others four times; viz., early in the morning, at eleven, at one, and at evening. Whatever times are selected, the feeder should be on the spot at the appointed hour. Regularity in feeding is a prime element of success in the fattening of all domestic animals. Milch cows should now receive extra care. In the winter season milk and butter are of more value than in summer, and as without giving the cows good feed and treatment the milk and butter will not be forthcoming, cows in milk have their remedy for bad treatment by stopping off the supplies. This is not the case with dry cows. They are fed on the roughest fodder, doled out to them in the scantiest manner, and we have seen them go from their winter quarters to the pasture feild not much else but skin and bone. They often don't recover from this till summer is half over, and are sometimes then sold for poor milkers, when the fault is their previous winter treatment. See that sheep have good care and plenty of food. There are none of our domestic animals whose nature seems to require so great a variety of food as the sheep. They will grow restive and uneasy if confined, even in the best feed, if of one kind, and break out, if possible, and roam over the dry pastures, perfectly contented if they can get sufficient variety to supply the demands of their nature. No amount of grain or roots will compensate for the want of variety. After sheep are brought to their winter quarters, the treatment should be uniform and judicious. They should always be treated kindly, so as to create a sympathy and confidence between flock and flock master.—*American Stock Journal.*

Penobscot Sheep Keepers' Association.

At the Annual Meeting held at the Court House, Tuesday, Dec. 24, the following named persons were chosen for officers for the ensuing year: *President*, J. S. Bennoch; *Vice Presidents*, G. G. Cushman, L. J. Hadlock; *Recording Secretary and Treasurer*, D. M. Dunham; *Corresponding Secretary*, Hebron Luce; *Executive Committee*, P. C. Baker, G. G. Cushman, W. E. Atwood, A. W. McMahon, L. J. Hadlock.

The following resolve was passed:

Resolved, That in view of the location of the Agricultural School at Orono, and the increased interest in agriculture in this county, that it is desirable to organize an agricultural society of the following towns, viz., Orrington, Brewer, Holden, Eddington, Bangor, Veazie, Orono, Oldtown, Alton, Lagrange, Bradford, Hudson, Hampden, Hermon, Newberg and Dixmout. And the following gentlemen were nominated a committee to meet at the next meeting at the Court House in Bangor, on Tuesday, the 31st of December, to form such a society:

Bangor—Wm. P. Wingate, Joab Palmer, L. J. Hadlock, G. L. Boynton, Geo. Stetson, Chas. Stetson, B. A. Burr.
Orono—A. B. Sutton, P. S. Whitney, John Gilman, B. P. Gilman, Nathaniel Wilson, J. S. Bennoch.
Orrington—P. C. Baker, A. G. Hunt.
Brewer—F. S. Arey, W. Hall, H. C. Robinson.
Oldtown—Geo. P. Sowall, Eli Hoskins.
Veazie—N. K. Warren.
Eddington—A. W. McMahon, S. D. McMahon.
Glenburn—John H. Morrill, Joel Vickery, Warren Cressey, Wm. Thomas, John Thomas.
Hampden—A. Jones, I. C. Haynes.—*Whig.*

A Few Words about Horses.

Hay and oats make the best feed for horses that are obliged to work hard and regularly. If the hay is cut fine and the oats bruised or ground, the whole mixed and moistened, the horse will eat his rations quicker, digest them sooner, and thus have more time for resting and renewing his powers for labor. Farmers' horses that work little during winter time may be kept cheaper by cutting and mixing bright straw and hay in equal quantities, and adding a ration of steamed potatoes or raw carrots. Colts should be fed liberally on good hay—bright clover is best—and bruised oats; give them a roomy box stall in stormy weather and during nights. Litter freely and let the manure accumulate under them. Sawdust or spent tan make good and convenient bedding; in cities and villages they are often cheaper than straw. Groom horses well and let them have exercise every day; a run in the yard is excellent. See that stable floors over basements are sound and strong. Arrange the feeding-racks so that dust and hay seed will not fall into horses' manes or eyes; some horsemen build their mangers too high, thus forcing the animal to take an unnatural and painful position when eating. Far

The Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, Dec. 26, 1867.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER,

$2.00 in advance, or $2.50 if not paid within three months of the date of Subscription.

☞ *These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.* ☜

All payments made by subscribers to the Farmer will be credited in accordance with our new mailing method. The printed date upon the paper, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us *the name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

Mr. V. Darling is now engaged in canvassing the county of Penobscot, for the Maine Farmer.

Mr. S. I. Small, agent for the Maine Farmer, will canvas West Somerset during the month of January.

Mr. S N. Taber is now on a visit to our subscribers in Oxford County.

Notice to Subscribers.

We find upon our list many subscribers to the Farmer *who are in arrears for one or more years, and who, therefore, according to the terms of the paper, are liable for the payment of fifty cents per year in addition to our advance rates of subscription. To induce a more general payment in advance, on the part of our subscribers, we have concluded to make the following offer: All persons in arrears who will send us the amount due, at the rate of two dollars per year, and two dollars in addition, shall receive credit for all past indebtedness and for a year's subscription in advance.* **This offer to stand open until the 10th of January, 1868.** *All payments made at this Office or by mail, or to our authorized agents previous to that date, will be credited in accordance with the terms above stated.*

Christmas.

It was one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven years ago, according to our chronology, that the Roman people made a decree to enroll the inhabitants of Judea for the purposes of taxation. Each person was taxed to the value of thirty cents of our money, and each person was required to go to his own city for this purpose. Accordingly Joseph and his wife, Mary, went up from Nazareth, where he worked at his trade as a carpenter, for the purpose of being enrolled and taxed. As many others also went up with them for the purpose, they could find no lodgings at the inn, and, consequently, took refuge in a stable, where our Savior was born in a manger. Thus he whose name we honor at Christmas, was not only born of humble parents, but also in the most humble condition.

Not only did the Jews at this time expect a King who should deliver them from their enemies, but the feeling seemed to be universal among the nations at that time that a change was to be effected among the people of the earth, and the *desire of nations* was almost universally expected. The world was at peace, but it was enslaved in a thousand ways, and men began to turn their thoughts to their actual condition, and hence this universal feeling. But the Jewish people overlooked the character of him who was afterwards to be exalted over all the kings of earth.

But not all were thus indifferent to the great event. There were shepherds on the plains of Bethlahem who were watching their flocks by night to guard them against the wild beasts that roamed through the country. Long as Palestine had been settled, it was not yet rid of the wild beasts. We have little conception at the present day of their numbers, and of the annoyance they were to the shepherds of those days. Beneath the clear and starry sky they found themselves surrounded with a halo of glory, and the angel of the Lord proclaimed to them the joyous tidings which should be good news to all people. A Savior which was Christ the Lord, was born to them, which no doubt answered to their expectations. Now there seemed to be as it were, an opening in the heavens, when there descended a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." Nor could these simple shepherds be satisfied with what they had seen and heard. They must needs go to Bethlehem and see for themselves whether these things were so, and when they had seen they returned full of wonder and praise.

Nor was this all. There were wise men in the far east who had seen a guiding star which led them to the west to the very spot where the young child lay. Their joy was like that of the shepherds, and they gave him presents, and were the first to fall down and worship him as their Savior. Such are the leading events as we have them recorded of the birth of the Savior which is now commemorated throughout christendom on the 25th of December. For thirteen hundred years, this day has been set apart as his birthday, and tradition goes back much farther than this period.

Christmas excites in the mind entirely different feelings from those of any other day. To the young it is the day when they expect to receive presents from their parents and friends. Santa Claus is the very best being in the world to them. Sincere petitions are extended to him for his special favors. To the older it is a day of joyous greeting for a Merry Christmas. The more serious minded look upon it as the memorial day of the great gift of the Great Giver to an erring world.

The day now receives universal respect in christendom, and as long as christianity holds sway over the minds and hearts of men, it will be observed. Let us greet all our friends as we wish to greet our many readers with a "Merry Christmas."

☞ On Friday last Congress adjourned to January 6th, to enable the members to enjoy the Christmas holidays. In the meantime the public business of the country is left to take care of itself. If the example of Congress in this respect should be followed in every other department of the Government, and we see no good reason why any discrimination should be made in favor of the former, the condition of our national affairs may well be imagined. Let the President and his cabinet, the clerks of the Treasury, Post Office, War and Navy departments, the officers and employees of our Custom Houses, &c., officers and men at our various military posts, and on board our ships of war, abandon their duties and take a holiday vacation of two or three weeks, without so much as saying to the people who pay their salaries, and whose servants they are, "By your leave, my masters!"—and an unpleasant commotion would be likely to occur in the country. And yet Congress, at a time when earnest and intelligent legislation is needed for the immediate adjustment of questions of finance and reconstruction, never more important than now, votes itself a long holiday as coolly and thoughtlessly as so many school boys. It is an exhibition of self indulgence and lack of patriotism of which the people will be likely to take notice at the proper time.

☞ The town of Warren, in this State, is the only one we have visited which contains almost a complete series of the primary rocks of the older geologists. Here may be found beds of trap, granite, gneiss, porphyritic gneiss, mica slate, pyritiferous mica slate, iron ore, quarts beds, talcose slate, soapstone, limestone, marble and argillaceous slate. It is an excellent spot for the geologist to study these formations in their relations to each other and to other formations. These rocks, without doubt, lie near the horizon of the Potsdam sandstone period of New York, or in the lowest horizon of fossiliferous rocks, and consequently in the same horizon which contains the deposits of the metals east of the Mississippi river. Zinc, lead, copper, and silver are found in small quantities in this vicinity.

☞ We learn from the Portland *Argus* that the brig Ada, hailing from Walton, N. Y., and commanded by Captain Tapin, which sailed from that port on the second of this month for Halifax, having on board the body of Arthur McCannon, who drowned himself while the vessel was laying at anchor in Hog Island Roads, was wrecked off Cape Sable in the terrible gale of the 4th inst., and all on board perished. She had a cargo of flour.

Editorial Correspondence.

New Gloucester, Dec. 7th, 1867.

Dear Farmer:—In all the older towns of the State, there are always objects of special interest. As we look around us, we are led to inquire in the first place respecting the early settlement of the town; and as this town was settled before the revolutionary war, it has matters of special historical interest. The lots near the lower corner were run out forty rods in width and three-fourths of a mile in length, so that the inhabitants could assist each other, and fly to the garrison in case of an attack from the Indians. The cellar and well of the old garrison, or block house, still remain. The Indians on one occasion fired through the door, but without injuring any one. The town had its whipping post erected, to which one person was sentenced. Stocks were kept in the church, in which to put unruly boys during the religious services on Sunday.

The first minister in town was Rev. Samuel Foxcroft. He was the son of Rev. Thomas Foxcroft, who was settled in Boston during the early part of the last century, and was the editor of Samuel Hopkins' Theological Works, which excited much attention at the time. Mr. Foxcroft's library still remains in the family at New Gloucester. It is a good mine for the antiquarian to explore. Among the books we examined, was a manuscript of the Rev. David Brainard, who was a missionary among the Indians. It is written in a neat and plain style, and gives an account of his labors and trials among the Indians. It is dated *Forks of the Delaware*, 1745. If it has never been printed, it would be of interest for some Historical Society to publish it.

New Gloucester was once a half shire town, where men of note lived, and where several lawyers of national eminence once shone. Now the town has no lawyer.

As we look at the town after a history of more than a hundred years, we find it abounding in men of wealth and intelligence. Its farmers are not few who do their work and make their buildings on the most approved plan. The soil, originally rather hard, has been made fertile by good cultivation.

Among the objects of pleasurable interest, is the Bailey Home School for Girls, located here. The Misses Bailey were made on purpose to manage such a school. As it is, so far as we know, the only one in the State of the kind, we take great pleasure in recommending it for those who wish to send their girls away from home. It has all the charms of a charming home, while the intellectual drill is excellent. As the town is pleasantly located and the society good, persons from the city are inclined to come here and settle after they have got through with the busy turmoil of life. It is a good place to find the quiet repose one so much desires after a life of toil.

Among the inhabitants who reside here, we found one who was our schoolmaster for six successive winters in our boyhood. Such cases are rare, and were so even in that day. We were largely indebted to him for the impulse he gave to us in search of an education. He has our warmest gratitude for his efforts in our behalf. Perhaps some of our readers may think it trivial to allude to such a personality, but we do not know as it would be any more so than to speak of a large ox, or a splendid colt. Those who have helped shape our course in life are certainly worthy of eternal remembrance.

The barn of Mr. Andrew Chandler has the reputation of being the best building of the kind in the State. We regretted being unable to visit it since its completion. Its arrangements for cattle, horses, and especially for sheep, are complete. We do not know its cost, but fabulous prices are set upon it by his neighbors. He does not pretend to know anything about it. No matter.

An Inhuman Crime. A mysterious and exciting affair is being developed in Columbia county, New York. Last week a tenant house was destroyed by fire and a girl of twelve years of age burned to death. From some suspicious circumstances the reputed father and mother of the child, a Mr. and Mrs. Brown, were arrested on a charge of arson and murder in setting fire to the house and causing the death of the girl, but they were discharged by the coroner's jury. It is said that the parents had a life policy of $5000 on the deceased in the Traveller's Accident Insurance Company of Hartford. It was a three months' policy taken out about the time the family took up their residence in Canaan, and had but twelve days to run when the insured lost her life.

The parents applied to the Company for the amount of the policy, when the circumstances aroused the suspicions of the officers that all was not right. They caused the body to be disinterred and an examination was made when marks of violence were plainly traced on the back of the child's head.

An officer of the company immediately proceeded to Canaan and made a thorough investigation of the premises where the disaster occurred, and the developments seemed to strengthen the suspicion that foul play had been used and that Mr. and Mrs. Brown had been guilty of a terrible crime. The officer telegraphed to Connecticut to have the suspected parties arrested, and came to Albany and took out the requisite papers to obtain a requisition from Gov. Fenton for the custody of the prisoners.

It was reported that the child was not a daughter of the Browns, but was abducted by them from Ohio some time ago. There is a deep seated suspicion that she was sacrificed by the Browns in order that they might obtain the amount of insurance; and that their brief residence in Canaan was only to carry out this purpose. Should these suspicions be confirmed, it will unfold the most horrible and inhuman crime that ever disgraced this section of the country. The parties have since been arrested and the wife of Brown has made confession of her participation in the crime.

☞ A Knox County correspondent of the Bangor *Whig* writes that on Tuesday evening of last week, a Mrs. Thorndike, aged 94 years, was so severely burnt by her clothes taking fire, that she died the next morning. She had been blind for several years and occupied a room by herself. She had taken her supper, and her grandson having lighted her pipe for her, had left her for a few moments, when an outcry was heard from her room. On going to it the family found her clothes all in flames. Bed clothes were immediately thrown upon her and the fire extinguished. She lived through the night in great agony dying at 8 o'clock next morning. It is supposed she might have lighted a match and dropped it upon her clothing, and being blind not having discovered the flames till too late to extinguish them.

The Weather may be regarded as having settled down for the winter. On Sunday last snow fell to the depth of six or eight inches, coming down gradually and steadily from about six o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon, when the weather became warmer, the snow changed to rain, and just enough of the latter fell to solidify the snow and cement it to the foundation of ice and frost so long prepared for it. This gave excellent going, and business of all kinds has somewhat revived in consequence. The weather is delightful, and the festivities of Christmas will pass off with a greater amount of enjoyment, now that the accompaniment of good sleighing will add its pleasures to the occasion.

☞ The old Boston Weekly *Advertiser*, one of our most valued exchanges, comes to us in a new and enlarged form, and with its title changed. The paper is now called the *Thursday Spectator* and *Boston Weekly Advertiser*, making a large folio of eight pages, and containing a great variety of useful and entertaining reading. Its summary of foreign and domestic news, its agricultural department, cattle and other market reports, and commercial record, are superior to those of any other weekly paper published in Boston. The editorial and literary departments are also ably conducted, and its correspondence is of the most varied and valuable character. Published by Dunbar, Waters & Co., Boston, at $2 per annum.

☞ A bill has passed the House, providing for the adoption of the several Constitutions of the Southern States, by a majority of those voting on the question. The original act required a vote of a majority of all persons registered either for against the constitutions to give them validity.

☞ The Farmington *Chronicle* says the recent contributions for the new building at Kent's Hill, made in that town and vicinity, not including the centennary offerings of last spring, amount already to $1,500. Dr. J. N. Houghton, of Phillips, donating $500 of this amount.

Fires in this City. On Wednesday night of last week, fire was discovered in the blacksmith shop of Mr. T. W. Foss, on the east side of the river. The alarm was given, but the fire was soon extinguished and with little damage to the building.

About half past twelve P. M., on Thursday, 19th, fire was discovered in a wooden building connected with the large machine shop of the A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Company, on the west side of the river in this city, occupied by Messrs. Bangs & Mosher. The flames spread with great rapidity, and very soon extended to the building south, two-thirds of which was completely destroyed, the south part being left standing, but in a damaged condition. The loss of the company will be about $15,000 upon the building. The works will not probably be again re-built, as according to the original plan for the improvement of their property, all these mills were to be removed to give place to other buildings. The work of clearing away the debris has, however, been already entered upon, and as soon as possible, shafting will be put into that part of the building now standing, and the machinery set running. The following parties were occupants of the buildings, and the amount of loss to each is also given: Bangs & Mosher, sash and blinds, $10,000; F. Barker, barrel head manufactory, $1,000; Mrs. R. A. Scholes, grist mill, $1,500; D. W. & W. G. Emery, planing mill, loss of machinery, $500; E. Atkins & Co., planing mill and manufacturers of box shooks, $2,000; A. Cowee & Son, furniture, $3,000; Wm. Harvey & Co., salt manufactures, $600; D. Knowlton & Son, furniture, $1,500; Wm. Gage, machinist, $500. The total loss of the above foots up $35,500, upon which there was no insurance. In addition to this, lumber belonging to Charles H. Milliken to the value of $2,000 was destroyed, which was covered by insurance. The various works gave employment to over one hundred mechanics, who are all thrown out of employment. The fire department was promptly on hand, and but for their assiduous and earnest labors the fire must have been of far greater extent. The Cushnoc and Firefly steamers, were both engaged, and the hand companies Atlantic and Pacific, were well manned and deserve credit for their well directed efforts in checking the ravages of the fire. The fire, we are informed, was the result of culpable carelessness, in leaving a heated stove surrounded by shavings and other inflammable material, while the workmen were absent at dinner, without any precaution being taken to guard against danger.

On Friday morning about three o'clock, an alarm of fire was given, which was found to proceed from a wooden building owned by the Sprague Company on Cony street, on the east side, and occupied by them as a carpenter's shop. The building was wholly destroyed, but the tools, lumber and manufactured work in the shop were saved by the timely discovery of the fire. Loss $800, upon which there was no insurance. Although other portions of the fire department were promptly on hand and ready to render assistance, the entire credit of extinguishing the fire is due to Atlantic engine company, whose energy and promptness have been repeatedly conspicuous on other occasions.

The Services at the installation of Rev. J. F. Bingham, as pastor of the South Parish (Congregational) church and society in this city, took place on Thursday of last week, and were of an exceedingly interesting character. The council convened at half past two o'clock and organized by the choice of Rev. B. Tappan of Norridgewock, Moderator, and Rev. R. B. Howard of Farmington, as Scribe. The examination was conducted by the Moderator. In the evening the exercises of installation took place in very nearly the following order: Voluntary; Invocation by Rev. Mr. Howard of Farmington; Anthem; Reading of Minutes of the Council by Rev. R. B. Howard of Farmington; Reading of Scripture, by Rev. John Dinsmore of Winslow; Prayer by Rev. J. T. Hawes of Litchfield; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Plumb of Chelsea, Mass.; Anthem; Charge to Pastor, by Rev. Geo. W. Field of Bangor; Address to people by Rev. A. McKenzie of Cambridge, Mass.; Installing Prayer, by Rev. J. O. Fiske, Bath; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Robie of Waterville; Anthem; Closing Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Baker of Winthrop; Benediction by the Pastor. The attendance during the evening was very large, and the society, which has for a long time been without a pastor, is to be congratulated upon the favorable auspices with which it enters upon a new year.

Liquor Seizures. On Wednesday last I. H. Hayes, keeper of a restaurant in this city, was brought before the Municipal Court on search and seizure process, by Deputy State Constable W. Phillips—plead not guilty—adjudged guilty and ordered to pay fine of $20 and cost of prosecution, and to be committed to the county jail for the term of three months, from which sentence he appealed, with sureties in the sum of $200. Deputy Constable Waldron brought in the proprietors of the Mansion House—on search and seizure process—to which they plead not guilty; waived examination and found sureties in $200 to enter and prosecute their appeal. The officer siezed a small quantity of whiskey and gin found on their premises.

New Road. For some two years the project of building a road from Coombs' Mills, in Augusta, westerly to Low's Corner in Manchester, there to intersect with the old stage road from Hallowell to Mt. Vernon, has been warmly agitated, and the route has recently been surveyed by the County Commissioners. The distance to build is about two and a half miles, and while it will shorten the distance from Belgrade, Manchester and Readfield to this city, but a little, it will give a level, easy road, and one that will not drift in winter. A final hearing of the matter will take place before the County Commissioners, at the Court House in this city, on Thursday of this week.

Ice. The harvest of ice is now being secured from the river at this place, and the severe cold weather of the past two weeks, as well as the absence of snow have both aided in the formation of ice of greater thickness and purity than in any year before for many seasons. The expense of scraping the ice for cutting has also been less, and a larger amount will be harvested this year than for some time, as the use of ice during the warm season is increasing from year to year.

☞ The express business on the line of the P. & K. Railroad has of late increased to such an extent that it has been found necessary to run an extra car over the road from Portland to Skowhegan in order to accommodate the business demands of the company. A large proportion of the business grows out of the present mode of selling goods by sample, as country merchants largely make use of this method of purchase, and hence many parcels of goods are forwarded by express.

☞ We learn from the Detroit (Mich.) *Post*, that Mr. Augustus L. Bartlett, one of our talented Augusta boys, of the firm of Ely, Baraham & Bartlett, phonographic reporters, has been appointed official reporter to the Courts of Detroit. He has recently removed to that city from Chicago, where he has been for some time past successfully engaged in the business of his profession.

☞ The Sabbath School of the Free Baptist Church in this city, will be visited by Santa Claus on Tuesday evening of this week. A Christmas tree, laden with gifts for the children of the school, will be an attractive feature of the occasion. A small admission fee will be charged to visitors. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

☞ The Temperance Convention at Belfast, on Wednesday last, was well attended, and the proceedings were of much interest. The principal speakers from abroad were Hon. Woodbury Davis of Portland, and Rev. J. L. Fletcher of Gardiner.

☞ Major Nathan Cutler, after a vacation of several months for the recovery of impaired health, has resumed charge of the U. S. Military Asylum at Togus.

Municipal Court. In Police Court on Monday, before Judge True, J. A. Nichols was arraigned for being drunk. Was fined and committed.

☞ Christmas services will be held at St. Mark's and the Unitarian churches in this city, this (Tuesday) evening.

☞ An application will be made to the next Legislature, for a charter to build a railroad to connect Rockland with Bangor.

☞ The Anson *Advocate* learns that arrangements have been completed that will insure the construction of the Somerset Railroad at an early period.

Editor's Table.

Golden Truths. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Boston: Lee & Shepard. Square 4 to pp. 243.

A very neat little volume, printed on tinted paper, gilt top, and bound in beveled boards, forming externally one of the most attractive books of the season. Its contents consists of short extracts in prose and verse, upon moral and religious subjects, from the most celebrated divines of all ages and nations. The divisions of the work comprise The Inner Life; Trials by the Way; Work for Christ; The Unfailing Friend; The Heavenly Home. It forms a very appropriate gift book.

Claudia. By Amanda M. Douglass. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 381.

The authoress of "In Trust," and "Stephen Dane," needs no introduction to our readers. Her works have stood the test of popular judgment and have borne the palm. They are true to nature in their delineations; pure and elevating in their tone, and we are safe in recommending them to all who wish reading alike pleasing and profitable, and while it interests does not leave a feeling of dissatisfaction when the book is finished. For sale in this city by E. Fenno.

Lippincott's Magazine. The first number of this new Philadelphia monthly has a solid, healthy look, and we are heartily glad the city of "Brotherly love" is to have a useful, respectable magazine, which this promises to be. It opens with the first chapters of an American novel, understood to be from the pen of Mrs. Rebecca H. Davis, entitled "Dallas Galbraith." Among the other articles we have a bit of interesting local history in "The Old Slate-Roof House;" a Christmas story; a sensible article on the Necessity of Education to the Prosperity of a Republic; a financial article; some indifferent poetry, and other sketches and essays of different orders of merit. Its general appearance is very like the *Atlantic*, and is furnished to subscribers at $4 per year, or 35 cents per number. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, and supplied by Pierce Brothers in this city.

☞ The illustrated articles in *Harper's Magazine* for January 1868, are: Chattanooga, and how we held it, with ten engravings; The Cafes of the Paris Exhibition, with fourteen engravings; Memoir of Babylon one of Jacob Abbott's admirable biblical articles—with eight engravings, and the first chapters of "The Woman's Kingdom, a Love Story," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," with four engravings, from designs by the author. Besides these, there are thirteen other articles, to say nothing about the editorial departments—always an attractive feature of *Harpers*. Terms $4 per annum, 35 cents per number. Harper & Brothers, New York: Pierce Brothers, Augusta.

Arthur's Home Magazine commences the year in good style. The engraving of "On Guard" is very pretty, and the contents are choice and well adapted for the home circle. "The Home Magazine" claims to be superior to all its cotemporaries in the excellence and interest of its reading matter; while in its fashion and household departments, everything is contained that an American wife and mother could desire in a periodical. Terms $2 a year. Three copies for $5. Published by T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia.

For the Little Ones. If you have not already seen the January (or Holiday) number of *The Children's Hour*, take our advice and send for one. It will cost you but ten cents. Or better still, send one dollar and twenty-five cents, and get the magazine for your children for a whole year. A more exquisitely illustrated, and elegantly printed magazine than *The Children's Hour* is not published in this or any other country. Published by T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia, at $1.25 a year, or five copies for $5.

Maine Shipbuilding Convention. The Convention of Maine Shipbuilders and owners held in Bath on Thursday last was well attended. Hon. N. G. Hichborn of Stockton was chosen President and Edwin Reed of Bath, Secretary. The Convention appointed agents to press upon Congress the removal of the duties upon articles used in ship building and the repeal of all unfriendly legislation. Delegates were also chosen to the National Commercial Convention to be held in Boston on the 22d of February.

A correspondent of the Portland *Press* states the special object of the meeting to have been to consider the best means of presenting to Congress the facts respecting the operation of the revenue laws as they affect the shipbuilding interest. Mr. Lynch's bill, already before Congress, provides the remedy which it is thought will relieve the disadvantages under which our shipbuilders labor in their necessary competition with foreign builders. The duties on imported materials and the taxes on articles of home manufacture not only enhance the prime cost of vessels but their valuation and subsequent taxation. Unless these burdens are removed, it is impossible for our builders to compete with foreign builders who are not subject to such drawbacks. The case is plain, but the object of the convention is to make it so plain, by illustrative facts and figures drawn from actual experience, that Congress cannot help seeing the imperative necessity of doing something to save the commercial marine of the country. Meetings have been held in New York and Boston and shipowners there are ready to co-operate with Maine in urging upon Congress the necessity of prompt and wise action.

Another Terrible Railroad Accident. On Wednesday last, the New York Express train from Cleveland on the Lake Shore Railroad, being behind time near Angola, Ohio, either from a defect in a rail or displacement caused by the frost, met with a terrible accident about 3 o'clock. The two rear passenger cars were thrown from the track and rolled down an embankment fifty feet high. One of the cars was set on fire, and out of fifty passengers only two escaped, the rest being burnt to death. All that is left of them is a mass of blackened and charred remains, with little means of ascertaining their names. The accident occurred at Big Sisters' Bridge, a quarter of a mile east of Angola.

☞ The Portland *Argus* says that the case of the brig Frontier, towed into that harbor last week by a tug, was one of peculiar ill luck and hardship. She had been off that port nearly a week vainly endeavoring to make the harbor. On Thursday morning she got inside of Bell rock buoy—less than five miles from the city—and set her signal of distress at 9 o'clock A. M. and kept it flying all day, but no help reached her until 6 1-2 P. M. Vessel and crew were very much disabled. All hands, including two lady passengers, were obliged to subsist four days on dry fish, provisions having run out.

☞ A resolution offered in the House by Mr. Hubbard of West Virginia, to inquire into the expediency of reducing the salaries of members of Congress from $5000 to $4000 per annum, and mileage from twenty to ten cents, was objected to by Mr. Higby of California, and under the rules it could not be presented. The constituents of Mr. Higby who are taxed to pay his salary and mileage, which of itself is a small fortune, will be likely to "object" to him when the question of his re-election comes before them.

☞ Hon. Geo. W. Wilcox Mayor of Gardiner, and United States Collector of Internal Revenue for the Third District died on Tuesday evening last, after a brief illness. The deceased was a well known and influential member of the Republican party, was highly respected as a citizen, and his demise will be lamented by a large circle of acquaintances and friends. He was about fifty years of age.

☞ Three persons have died suddenly in the town of Jackson, says the Belfast *Age*, within a few days. One, an elderly man named John Moulton, was found dead in his bed; an elderly woman named Bickmore, was found dead in a room which she had entered a few minutes previously; and a young man named Hall fell dead while bringing a pail of water from the well.

The Insane Hospital. The Board of Trustees of the Insane Hospital have recently made a thorough inspection of the institution and all the buildings connected therewith. They found everything in good order. There are now contained in the Hospital, three hundred patients, one hundred and fifty-eight of whom are females. There are none in solitary confinement.

☞ The Legislature of California on Friday last elected Hon. Eugene Casserley, democrat, U. S. Senator to succeed Hon. John Conness, whose term of office expires on the fourth of March next.

For the Maine Farmer.

Glaucus in Washington.

The Department of Agriculture.

Messrs. Editors:—In my last I proposed to say something about the Department of Agriculture; perhaps the word "about" will as well express the nature of my communication as any other, for I think it is allotted to few to ascertain what is going on *in* it.

From the start I was puzzled to find the establishment, but after some fruitless enquiries, finally succeeded in learning from Mr. Spofford, the gentlemanly Librarian to Congress, that I should find what I sought at the Patent office. I went there and was remitted to the underground story of the building. There amid stinks and water-closets and laboratorial fumes I smelt out the concern. As I walked along the dimly lighted hall which divides its rooms, I was forcibly reminded of the truth of a saying of dear old Parson Brailley, delivered many years ago in an address at a County fair, but which then passed for a poetic rhapsody of this horticultural divine:

Agriculture lays at the foundation
Of every thing in God's creation.

Here then I was at the bottom, with agriculture. As I recalled my mythological reading, and recollected how Proserpine, the beautiful daughter of our own Ceres, had to spend some portion of each year in the underworld, the place seemed not wholly inappropriate; but the temple should have two stories, there should be skylight at least, for our products, though rooted, do not grow in the dark. I own to a feeling of indignation that this particular interest, upon the success of which, indeed, all other interests depend, should have been so scantily cared for, and shabbily housed, while magnificent structures are everywhere erecting here for meaner deities, if deities they be at all.

It happened that I came just at the time when there was a flurry about the appointment of a Commissioner in place of Mr. Newton. There did not seem to be any head to apply to—at least not one undisturbed and ready to give information—and so I had ample opportunity to look about the rooms and form opinions for myself. The place was over-crowded with objects, that seemed collected without any well defined plan. At first I thought some of the articles might have been simply received there and deposited, as donated, and so accounted for the want of arrangement; subsequently I gathered, that Government had purchased the museum of Prof. Glover, which, however, well selected as a private affair, and with reference to certain objects, contained many things of no sort of value to an agriculturist, and occupying space that could be more profitably filled. I was particularly provoked that nearly all of those most admirably prepared cases of the cereals of the other Hemisphere, carefully classified and exposed to view, presented by Vilmorin & Andrieu, of Paris—in my judgment, the most valuable, instructive and interesting, for comparison, contribution in the whole concern, were chucked away out of sight, under cabinets of pickled bull frogs and preserved snakes. But the Professor, who seemed to be the factotum, assured me that as soon as they got into their new quarters next year, they should change all this. It is to be hoped so. To-day it is evident that, so far, this establishment, like most of our Industrial Colleges, has disappointed the expectations of those who had a right to expect. It has yearly, at great expense, sent out to *Cougressmen* a lot of seeds for distribution, mostly worthless or unfit, and, as has been suggested, bought at a low figure of the unsaleable stocks of favored dealers, and turned over to Governmeni at a round price, which, on trial, have been found so uncertain, if not utterly worthless, as to bring the administration of the Department into merited disrepute, which, unfortunately, has not been removed by the character, either of its annual or monthly reports. It is a burnig shame that this endowment, for which we are taxed, has been so handled that no farmer who takes an agricultural newspaper would read its books or plant its seeds, even when given to him.

They tell some funny stories here of the way in which Newton used to get up some of his reports. I would report one, but it would not read well in print, and, besides,

"Duncan is in his grave."

What his successor will turn out to be, is as well known to you as to me. I recollect him perfectly, as he was in 1842, for we used then sometimes to play violin duos, out West, where we had no orchestra and had to make music for ourselves. I will say this of the Colonel, that he was a good violinist, a true gentleman, and what is more, an honest man. As I recollect him, I should say he was capable of using the scalpel, and if he sees an excrescence he will lop it off. Of his acquaintance with agriculture, I know nothing; but I know he is a do-able man, and we shall have a different administration of affairs from what we have been accustomed to. Until it is known what course he will take, the recommendations of Prof. Glover may not be very valuable—but as something which will be presented to the Commissioner, and to the public in the forthcoming volume of the Departmental Report, it may be well enough to allude to them.

It is proposed to establish here an object-museum, to contain, as well specimens of the natural productions of the different States, as of the forms to which they are reduced by mechanical skill; allowing to each State Cabinets in which can be exposed together, those articles there produced or found, so as to form a sort of encyclopœlic or epitomized display of all that one wishing knowledge thereof can possibly obtain without visiting the region personally; say ores and materials of special growth, crude and manufactured, plants and useful insects, with what is made by or out of them, together with the fruits that flourish there, and best specimens of serviceable animals, so that one could readily ascertain, in a few moments' walk, the changes in form and quality induced by climatic influences on animals and plants of one kind.

It is proposed, also, to do away with the promiscuous distribution of common seeds, (and I see by the paper this morning, the Commissioner has wisely done that, and dismissed the fifty clerks engaged in that service) and only distribute those that are new and promise to be of value. The Professor also, like any one with a hobby, proposes when in the new grounds next year, to start a new thing—to establish breeding places for rare foreign cattle and fowls, so that parties desiring it, can be sure of obtaining those of a pure type at a fair price.

All this and much more you will see, I suppose, as soon as the report is out. Its publication was expected last June, but is delayed still another month by some hitch, which was winked about but not explained. I doubt if the propagating business will prove a success. I have no faith in Government attempting to do those things by the aid of hirelings that individual enterprise and attention are competent, and sure, to do well. Nor will the great museum be of appreciable value to more than those immediately employed in it, and those who have ready means of access to its stores. The only way to vitalize the scheme is to go further and make this the heart of a *system*, to which currents will tend and from which radiate by means of communication to be provided between it and the societies of the different States; so that the means of information collected here shall not lie dead and cistern-like, to be poked about in now and then by the curious—but a continually flowing, living stream restoring to its several branches greater wealth than each confers.

But enough! It is quite cold, about fourteen inches of snow fell on Saturday and Sunday, and to-day is a brisk wind. The sleighing is nasty, and hasty-puddingy. Your Kennebec fast trotting horses would not care to pudge it up, nor does Glaucus.

Washington, Dec. 16, 1867.

☞ A preparatory business education is fully appreciated by business men. It is now well understood that a man to be successful in the business community should have a course of study well digested. This is as necessary for his success as the professional man's education. Young men should take heed and prepare themselves to meet the demands of the business world if they would be successful. Portland Business College has rare facilities for imparting a sound business education.

Masonic Dedication. The Free Masons of Bridgton dedicated their new and beautiful hall on Tuesday, 17th inst., with appropriate ceremonies. The address on the occasion was delivered by Rev. E. C. Bolles of Portland. The installation of officers took place under the direction of Grand Master T. J. Murray.

How to make Large Bread. Use Pyle's Saleratus, and you will have a large loaf from a little flour; not only light and pleasant, but free from all noxious qualities. Try it. Sold by grocers everywhere. See that the name is on the package.

A Remarkable Trance. The Indianapolis *Herald* says that the people of Whiteland, Johnson county, Indiana, have been much excited recently on account of a young woman named Van Arsdale, seventeen years of age, living in a house in the capacity of a servant, who had recently been taken ill and had to all appearance died. Preparation was made for her funeral, but it was stayed on account of certain phenomena connected with the body. After remaining in this state twelve hours the young woman awoke and told strange things of her visit to the other world, and who and what she saw in heaven and elsewhere. The *Herald* says:

"Miss Van Arsdale sent for a number of persons in the neighborhood, and not only imparted to them news of lost friends, but told of sins committed by them, supposed to be unknown by any one. Among others was a man who had participated in the execution of men who were lynched; she told him that he had been there that night (which he acknowledged), and had in the sight of God committed murder. Previous to this the names of the band had been kept a profound secret, and this man had not even been suspected. She narrated a good many strange things, relating mainly to individuals both in this world and the other, many of which it would have been almost impossible for her to have invented. But the strangest part of the story is yet to come. A few hours after the expiration of the first trance she predicted that she would have another, and told to a minute the time at which it would commence, and at which it would end. Everything turned out as she had said; at the exact time she fell into the same state. In an ordinary trance, or cataleptic state, respiration is not suspended, but in this case breathing could not be observed. She was to all appearances dead; but the pulse beat faintly, and the body was not cold. All sensation was gone. The physician made numerous experiments, pricking the body, opening the veins, and so forth, to discover if there could be any deception. In the end he was perfectly convinced that there was none. At the expiration of the time set by herself she came to, and in a few hours was well enough to leave her bed and go about the house. The story of her experience in the second trance was similar to the first one, and was confined almost wholly to individuals. She seemed unable to describe the places she had been in, but gave histories of events and persons with remarkable minuteness. She also said that she would never have a recurrence of the trance unless she should commit some flagrant sin; her authority for this prediction was that the Lord himself had told her so. The girl is uneducated, and has lived about as a servant ever since she was able to work. She has always borne a good character for truthfulness, and is a member of a church. She is almost the last person in the world to have manufactured such stories, and one thing especially noticeable is the fact of her sending for persons to whom, before her illness, she would have been afraid to have spoken, and conversing with them without the least restraint, and telling them stories and facts not the most palatable to worldly people. She was visited by a great many people, some of them eminently respectable, who vouch for many of the statements of her illness. The physician in attendance is positive as to her condition during the whole time, and had it not been for him she would have been buried alive."

Earthquake at St. Thomas. Despatches have been received at the Navy Department from Rear Admiral Palmer, commanding the North Atlantic squadron, giving full particulars of the recent earthquake at St. Thomas, in which the United States steamers Monongahela and De Soto were badly damaged. Admiral Palmer has since died from yellow fever. He describes the rising of the sea in the harbor which threatened to engulf his ship, the Susquehanna, with a feeling of awe. He says the officers and crew awaited its arrival. It came rushing on, tumbling over rocks that formed the entrance to the harbor, carrying everything before it. A small steamer and sailing vessel, trying to get in, were engulphed and never seen again, and the vessels at anchor near the entrance were lifted from their moorings and carried onto the rocks to leeward. The Susquehanna rose upon the rollers, encountering three in succession, the anchor and chains holded on bravely. The sea now rushed in, and receding with great violence. The sunken wrecks were rising. The shipping in the harbor were swept from their mooring and drifted wildly about. The small crafts in shore were lifted up and thrown into the streets of St. Thomas, and left stranded upon the water fronts. The boats were capsized and men were in the water swimming for their lives. At last the water in the bay subsided into a sort of whirlpool, and as soon as he could, Admiral Palmer got out his boats and sent them to the rescue of the drowning men. Several were picked up and one dead body. Constant shocks of earthquakes occurred every ten or fifteen minutes, and so continued with more or less severity through the night. The damage on shore was far more ruinous to the merchants than that occasioned by the late hurricane. The first heavy roller went up into the town, swamping the stores, which were mostly in the bay front, floating out and finally stranding their goods in unheard of directions.

The panic that seized the inhabitants was painful—rushing up the hillside, crying for mercy and listening to no attempt to pacify them. All the stone dwellings were abandoned, their owners either in the streets or the wooden buildings of their friends. The damage sustained by the Susquehanna was not material. The despatch is dated dated Nov. 19, at St. Thomas, on the evening after the earthquake.

☞ The *Argus* says that Captain Webster of the steamer Mahoning, has received his orders for winter cruising from Portland to Owl's Head and Cape Ann. He is required to carry provisions and supplies for vessels that need assistance; also to speak every vessel approaching the coast to assure himself that they do not need relief, and to keep full records of his cruises. He will sail as soon as he can get ready for sea, and will cruise until the first of April, returning to port only in case of necessity.

S. D. & H. W. Smith's American Organs. We have ourselves both seen and heard a large instrument of the above manufacture, which has been purchased by the Congregational Society of this place

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Foreign News.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

Dispatches via. Atlantic Telegraph.

LONDON, Dec. 16—Noon. The excitement occasioned by the recent bold operation of the Fenians has not abated. The press continues to denounce the outrages and demand rigorous measures for their prevention in future.

The *Times* has an article on the subject saying that Fenianism must continually tend to a repetition of such acts as Manchester riots and the Clerkenwall explosion. Open war on the part of the Fenians is out of the question. Arson and secret murder are their only weapons of success.

LONDON, Dec. 16. Last night an apparently organized attempt was made to set fire to several warehouses in this city, but it was not successful. This incendiarism is generally supposed to be the work of Fenians, though none of the parties engaged in the plot were caught. These events cause much alarm throughout the metropolis. The magistrates are swearing in special policemen by hundreds.

LONDON, Dec. 16—Evening. A man has been arrested at St. Albans on suspicion of having engineered the explosion at Clerkenwall jail. It is said that he is the person who lit the fuse. His examination will take place to-morrow.

Casey was again brought from his prison to-day and examined, but no evidence in regard to the explosion was elicited, and he was remanded.

DUBLIN, Dec. 16—Evening. Legal proceedings on charges of seditious conduct have been commenced by the government against John Martin, President of the Irish National League, Alexandr Sullivan, editor of the Dublin *Nation*, and other gentlemen who took a prominent part in the Fenian obsequies on Sunday, the 8th inst., and to-day the accused were brought before a Police Magistrate for examination.

They did not deny their participation in the funeral services, and those who made speeches on that occasion freely acknowledged using the language charged against them.

FLORENCE, Dec. 16. In the Italian Parliament the liberal members have made a violent attack upon the government.

LONDON, Dec. 17—Evening. A terrible explosion occurred at Newcastle on the Tyne to-day. The authorities last night received information that a quantity of glonoin, or nitro-glycerine, had been secreted in that place, it was supposed, by some Fenians. The Sheriff and Town Surveyor, with a large squad of policemen, proceeded to the spot indicated and discovered oil packed in the usual manner. While men were removing it the substance exploded with a terrible detonation. Several policemen were instantly killed, and few in the party escaped injury. The men who were nearest the packages of glycerine were blown to atoms. Both the Sheriff and Surveyor were badly hurt and are lying in a critical condition.

LONDON, Dec. 17—Evening. An inquest was held to-day on the bodies of the persons killed by the attempt to blow up the wall of the Clerkenwall prison. A large number of witnesses were examined, but nothing satisfactory was elicited as to the perpetrators of the crime.

The last dispatches received from Massowah report that the British expenditionary force in Abyssinia had reached a place called Senape, where there was an abundance of water and the natives were friendly.

DUBLIN, Dec. 18. The examination of John Martin and others connected with the funeral demonstration on the 8th inst., was concluded yesterday, but the decision of the court was reserved. This morning the accused were again brought before the Magistrate, and Mr. Martin and Mr. Lalor were committed for trial on a charge of misdemeanor. They immediately furnished bail and were discharged from custody.

FLORENCE, Dec. 18. Prime Minister Menabrea replied yesterday to the attacks made upon the Government by the Liberal party in Parliament. In the course of his speech he said that Italy would sooner or later possess Rome, but that this end could be accomplished, not by arms, but by moral force. Baron Ratazzi followed in a speech in opposition to the Chief Minister, saying that the popular vote in Naples and other cities of Italy showed that the nation demanded a different policy.

LONDON, Dec. 18—Evening. Arms and ammunition, secreted by Fenians, have been discovered and siezed by the police at several places in England.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 18. The *Invalide Russe* says that the policy agreed upon between France and Austria on the Eastern question, if persisted in, will imperil the peace of Europe.

LONDON, Dec. 18. A dispatch from Massowah says a report from the interior had reached the British expedition that King Theodore had set fire to and destroyed Debra Tabor.

LONDON, Dec. 18—Evening. Another attempt was made to-day to blow up one of the city prisons. Powder was placed under the walls of the Millbank jail, in which a number of Fenians are confined. The preparations were all completed and the fuse had been lighted by the conspirators without attracting attention, but fortunately, owing to some defect in the arrangement of materials, the powder did not explode, and the plot was discovered before the attempt to carry it out could be renewed. No arrests have been made and no clue has yet been obtained as to the guilty parties.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

TUESDAY, Dec. 24, 1867.

[Corrected weekly by J. MCARTHUR, J. HAGAR & CO., C. H MULLIKEN & CO., and E. G. STORER.]

Flour,	$12.00 to 19.00	Clear Salt Pork,	$15.00 to 17.00
Corn Meal,	1 62 to 1 75	Mutton ₱ lb.	5 to 6
Rye Meal,	1 75 to 0 00	Spring Lamb ₱ lb,	6 to 7
Wheat,	none	Veal,	0 to 0
Rye,	1 60 to 1 75	Turkeys ₱ lb,	15 to 20
Corn,	1 55 to 1 60	Chickens ₱ lb,	12 to 15
Barley,	0 90 to 1 10	Clover Seed,	15 to 18
Beans,	2 25 to 4 00	Herdsgrass,	3 00 to 3 50
Oats,	70 to 80	Red Top,	1 50 to 2 00
Potatoes,	80 to 90	Hay ₱ ton,	$15 to 18
Dried Apples,	12 to 16	Linen,	1 50 to 0 00
Cooking Apples,	50 to 75	Fleece Wool,	35 to 38
Butter,	25 to 33	Pulled Wool,	35 to 40
Cheese,	14 to 15	Sheep Skins,	75 to 1 00
Eggs,	30 to 36	Hides,	9 to 10
Lard,	14 to 15	Calf Skins,	15 to 17
Beef,	9 to 12	Lamb Skins,	50 to 0 00
Round Hog,	7 00 to 9 00	Wood, hard,	5 60 to 6 00

CATTLE MARKETS,

AT BRIGHTON, CAMBRIDGE AND MEDFORD

THURSDAY, Dec. 18, 1867.

At market:	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.	Veal
This week,	2767	12,277	800	—
Last week,	2361	12,613	1619	—
One year ago, (Dec. 19,)	2471	7105	2700	—

PRICES.

BEEVES—Extra qual.... $13.50@14 50 | Per 100 lbs. on the total weight of hides, tallow, and dressed beef.
First qual..... 12.50@13.00
Second do..... 10.50@11.25
Third do..... 7 50@10.00
Poorest grades of cows, bulls, &c., $5 50@7 50

WORKING OXEN—$175 to 235; handy steers, $80 to 150, or a little above their value as beef.

MILCH COWS—$50@75: Extra, $80@100; Heifers; farrow $35@55.

SHEEP—₱ lb., 3@5c; By the head $1 00@4 00.

HOGS—Brighton, 10 @00c; country lots, 8½@9c. CALF SKINS 16@18c. TALLOW, 7@7½c ₱ lb.

PELTS—Sheep and Lambs, 75@100c.

SHOTS—Wholesale, 00@00c ₱ lb.

DROVES OF CATTLE FROM MAINE.

G Wells, 64; W P Dyer, 69; J W Withee, 42; J Connor, 42; D Wells, 48; Morrill & Farrar, 30; J Adams, 30; J H Hight, 38; Gilman & Johnson, 25; B Estes, 24; A J Towne, 15; B Clark, 16; J Russell, 14; L Perkins, 12; Miller & White, 14; Porter & Beal, 18; W H Snell, 20; B B Wells, 16; D A Philbrick, 10; Shaw & Hosmer, 2; R D Blinn.

REMARKS There was some over 100 cattle left over from last market, and the supply from Maine was large. Most of the cattle from the east were large oxen, and a large number of workers among them. There are more cattle from the north, and a good many heavy oxen among them. The trade has not been very active, and upon the best grades of beef, prices remain unchanged.

DROVES OF MAINE CATTLE. D Wells sold 26 oxen to Mr. Andrews, we understood, for the Rhode Island market, 1519 lbs live weight, at 12½c, 36 sk, and 10 young cattle 906 lbs each, at 9c, 40 sk. G Wells sold 29 oxen to same buyer at 12½c, 35 sk; 1552 lbs each; 14 to G Fitch at 9c, 40 sk; J H Hight sold 22 oxen, 1627 lbs each, to H W Jordan at 12½c, 35 sk; W P Dyer 25 oxen, 1522 lbs each, to same buyer at 12½, 36 sk; D A Philbrick sold one pair at 8c, and another pair at 7½c ₱ lb. live weight.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—DROVES FROM MAINE.

Copp & Radcliffe, 225; J E Fry, 240; S Small, 45.

The Sheep and Lambs from the west and from Maine were taken direct from the cars to the slaughter houses at a commission. The trade is not so active as it was at last market. We quote sales of 114 sheep, average weight 78 lbs; at 4c ₱ lb, 100 average weight 81 lbs, at 4¼c ₱ lb, 80 extra sheep average weight 122 lbs, at 7c ₱ lb, 52 extra at 6c ₱ lb, average weight 100 lbs. 100 at $3 25, 100 at $2 25, 78 at $2 00, 220 at $2 50 ₱ head, 142 extra sheep average weight 100 lbs, at 6c ₱ lb., 60 extra sheep at 6½c ₱ lb.

PORTLAND MARKET.

PORTLAND, Dec. 21, 1867.

APPLES—Green ₱ bbl. $3 50@5 00; Sliced, ₱ lb 12@ 14.

BUTTER—Country ₱ lb, 30@35c, Choice Table, 35@38; Store 17@20.

BEANS—Marrow ₱ bush. $0 00@0 00; Pea $4 50@4 45; Blue Pod, $3 50@4 00.

CHEESE—New, 14@16c.

FISH—Cod, large shore, ₱ quin. $5 00@5 50; large Bank ₱ quin $4 50@5 00; small Bank, ₱ quin. $2 75@3 00; Pollock, ₱ quin. $2 50@3 00; Haddock ₱ quin. $1 75@2 00; Hake $2 00@2 50; Herring, Shore, ₱ bbl., $7 00@7 50; Scaled ₱ box, 35@40c; No. 1 Herring ₱ box, 20@25c; Mackerel, ₱ bbl.—Bay and No. 1, $16 00@17 00; Bay No. 2, $12 00@13 00; Shore No. 1, $13 50@14 50; Shore No. 2, $11.00@ 12.00, Shore No. 3, small $7.50@8.50

GRAIN—Rye, $1 75@1 80 Oats 80@85c. Mixed corn, $1.45@1.50, Yellow, $1.45@0 00; Barley, nominal, Shorts per ton $35@40.

HAY—₱ net ton, pressed, $18@20 00; loose $18@23.

HIDES AND SKINS—Western 19@20; Slaughter Hides, 9½@11c; Calf Skins, 20@00; Lamb Skins 65@ 75.

PRODUCE—Potatoes ₱ bbl, $3 00@ 3 25; Beef ₱ lb., 10@14c; Eggs ₱ doz., 38@40c; Turkeys, 18@25c; Chickens, 18@ 18c; Geese, 18@20; Onions, $1 50@1 25 ₱ bush.; Lamb, 8@10c; Veal 8@10c.—*Price Current.*

BOSTON MARKET.....Dec. 21.

FLOUR—Western Superfine, $8.50@9.25; Common extras at $9.00@10.50, Medium extras at $11.00@ 12.00; and good and choice, including favorite St. Louis brands, at $13.00@17 00 ₱ bbl

CORN—Western mixed, $1 40@1.43; yellow, $1.44c@1.45

OATS—Northern and Canada, 90@95c ₱ bush; P. E. Island 90@00c.

RYE—1 65 @1 75 ₱ bush. Shorts $36@37; Fine Feed $38@ 39; and Middlings at $44@45 ₱ ton.

HAY—Sales from $25 to $ 30.

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

SATURDAY, Dec. 21 1867.

There is a decided improvement in the wool market, and it is safe to say that the favorable reaction, so long deferred, and anxiously looked for has at length set in. There is much inquiry for fine wools. Low and medium grade are quiet at an advance of 3@4c ₱ lb from last week. Pulled wools, are quiet and combing and delaine are in fair demand.

Transactions in domestic wools for the week have been large and foot up 1,276,000 lbs at a range of 37@42c for fleece and 25@45c for the various grades of pulled. Included are sales at 00 lbs fine Maine fleece at 44@44 cts.

NEW YORK MARKET.....Dec. 22.

FLOUR—State, $8 45@10.65; round hoop Ohio, $9.80@13.00 Western, $9.10@14.80; Southern, $10.40@14.50; Canada dull, $9.80@13.00

WHEAT—No. 2 Milwaukee new, $2 21@2 23; Milwaukee Club $0.00.

CORN—Mixed western, 1.37@1 39

Special Notices.

THE GREAT MEDICAL ANNUAL,

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1868, for distribution *gratis*, throughout the United States and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive NATIONAL CALENDAR.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with valuable receipts, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking.* Send for copies to the Central Manufactory, at Pittsburgh, Pa., or to the nearest agent for HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The BITTERS are sold in every city, town and village of the United States. 1m52

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM,

The Great Remedy for the cure of

CONSUMPTION,

And all Diseases of the Lungs.

The results of its use is a proof of its great value. The extraordinary healing properties of this medicine are experienced by all those who have used it. Their testimony can be found in a pamphlet which can be obtained of the agents where the medicine is for sale.

Coughs and Colds, however distressing, are broken up in an incredible short space of time, by which a specific influence on the lungs, so that the matter and phlegm are easily expectorated.

Pains and soreness of the Chest are quickly relieved by the irritated parts becoming healed. Cold Chills and Night Sweats become immediately checked by the strength being restored. The torpid liver is restored to action, as the blood becomes purified.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM contains no opium in any form. It is perfectly harmless for the most delicate child.

Consumptives would do well to read treatise on diseased lungs.

Physicians who have failed to cure their patients should try this Medicine before they give their case up, as we know very many valuable lives have been saved by being persuaded to give it a trial.

Be sure and get ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM and let no other be palmed upon you.

Allen's Lung Balsam is put up with great care, and with fine steel engraved label, bearing the signature of the proprietors.

DON'T FORGET THAT

Allen's Lung Balsam will break up the most distressing Cough in a few days.

Many cases of Consumption that were considered incurable, have being cured in this city. Call and get a pamphlet and read the remarkable cures which will convince you of the great value of this medicine.

Don't dispair because all other remedies have failed but try the remedy and you will not be deceived.

For sale by all medicine dealers.

Price, $1 per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. 2teop3

R. R. R. Radway's Ready Relief, is the cheapest and best Family Medicine in the world. The moment it is used, pain ceases. It cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Kidneys, almost instantly. If seized with sudden Colds, Coughs, Influenza, Diptheria, Hoarseness, Sore Throat Chills, Fever and Ague, Mercurial Pains, Scarlet Fever, &c., &c., take from one to a dozen drops of Radway's Pills, and also take a teaspoonful of the Ready Relief in a glass of warm water, sweetened with sugar or honey; bathe the throat, head and chest with Ready Relief, (if Ague or Intermittent Fever, bathe the spine also,) in the morning you will be cured.

How the Ready Relief Acts! In a few minutes the patient will feel a slight tingling irritation, and the skin becomes reddened; if there is much distress in the stomach, the Relief will assist nature in removing the offending cause—a general warmth is felt throughout the entire body, and its diffusive stimulating properties rapidly courses through every vein and tissue of the system, arousing the slothful and paralyzed glands and organs to renewed and healthy action; perspiration follows, and the surface of the body feels increased heat. The sickness at stomach, colds, chills, headache, oppressed breathing, the soreness of the throat, and all pains, either internally, or externally; rapidly subside, and the patient falls into a tranquil sleep, awakes refreshed, invigorated, cured.

It will be found that in using the Relief externally, either on the spine or across the kidneys, or over the stomach and bowels, that for several days after a pleasing warmth will be felt, showing the length of time it continues its influence over the diseased parts.

☞ Price of R. R. Relief, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists and Country Merchants, Grocers, &c. See Dr. Radway's Almanac for 1868. 2w3

A True Story. Tripping down the stairway once long ago, we fell shattering a large, lighted fluid lamp. In a moment the blaze wrapped us around like a fiery serpent. Every tragedy has a comic side; Bridget tossed the baby on the bed, and ran for water; aunt Mary seized the spread to extinguish the flames, and pulled baby down on the floor; Jane came up from the kitchen and put out every light then burning "because the house was afire," and Bridget, returning with a tub of water, tumbled down, upset the water, and bumped her nose. Meanwhile we rolled over and over on the parlor floor, till the flame was extinguished, when one arm was found to be terribly burned.

Then how quickly Davis Pain Killer soothed the pain, and to day, with a hand unmarred by any scar, we write the praises of Pain Killer, valuable for many an ill and ache.—*Manchester (N. H) Every Month.* 2i3

LOW FOR CASH.

Fine Light Harnesses at COLLER & HAMILTON'S 101 Water Street. 4t52

FARM HARNESSES,

At reduced prices at COLLER & HAMILTON'S, 101 Water St.4t

LARGE ASSORTMENT

Of Trunks very low, at COLLER & HAMILTON'S 101 Water St

A NICE LOT OF

Ladies' Shopping, and Gents' Travelling Bags, for Holiday Presents at COLLER & HAMILTON'S. 4t52

ALL SORTS OF

Horse Blankets right down fer cash at COLLER & HAMILTON'S, 101 Water St. 4t52

GET YOUR SLEIGH AND TEAM BELLS,

at COLLER & HAMILTON'S. 4t52

UNION SLEIGHS FOR SALE,

by COLLER & HAMILTON, 101 Water Street. 4t52

OIL CARPETING,

and Carmel Cloth, you can get low at COLLER & HAMILTON'S.

Turner's Tic Doloureux or Universal Neuralgia Pill is a safe, certain and speedy Cure for Neuralgia and all Nervous Diseases. The severest cases are completely and permanently cured in a very short time. Neuralgia in the face or head is utterly banished in a few hours. No form of Nervous disease withstands its magic influence. It has the unqualified approval of many eminent physicians. It contains nothing injurious to the most delicate system. Sold everywhere. Sent on receipt of $1.00 and two postage stamps.

TURNER & CO.,

1y30 120 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., Proprietors.

ITCH! ITCH!! ITCH!!!

Scratch! Scratch!! Scratch!!! in from 10 to 48 hours Wheaton's Ointment cures the Itch, Wheaton's Ointment cures Salt Rheum, Wheaton's Ointment cures Tetter, Wheaton's Ointment cures Barber's Itch, Wheaton's Ointment cures Old Sores, Wheaton's Ointment cures every kind of Humor like magic.

Price 50 cents a box; by mail, 60 cents. Address WEEKS & POTTER, No. 170 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. For sale by all Druggists.

Boston, August 26, 1866. 1y39

AMERICA AGAINST ENGLAND.

American Company Toilet Soaps—HONEY, GLYCERINE, BOUQUET and PALM. These popular Soaps are made from the choicest materials, very richly perfumed, warranted not only equal but superior to the English, and 50 per cent. cheaper. They are superceding all foreign toilet Soaps in this market, as it is well known that since their introduction the demand for the latter has fallen off fully one-half. Manufactured only by McKESONE, VAN HAAGEN & CO.,

13teop49 Philadelphia and New York.

Advice to all Mankind. The sure road to fortune is to have people *know* that your prices for goods are lower than your neighbors, or that you have a much better article for the same money. This being our special object in view, we would say to you all that we are just in receipt of a quantity of J. W. Poland's Humor Doctor and White Pine Compound for Coughs and Colds: the best Medicines in the market for the cure of Scrofula and all Diseases of the Blood, and are put up in large bottles for $1. 2w2

"The Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, for Coughs, Colds and Consumption, is not one of those ephemeral nostrums that are forgotten in the same year they are born. A reputation of forty years standing, and an increasing popularity, is pretty good evidence of its value." Get the genuine. REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, Boston, Proprietors. 1m3

It is well known to many of our first class physicians, of what *White Pine Compound* is compounded; and is freely recommended by them in diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Chest, and Kidney troubles. As a medicine it acts the part of the Good Samaritan. 1w3

A CARD.

The undersigned hereby returns his thanks to the Fire Department of the City of Augusta, the Officers of the U. S. Arsenal and to the Citizens of Augusta for their efforts to preserve the property of A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Co, at the fire of the 19th inst. 1i3 H. A. DEWITT, Agent.

Whiskers. DR. LAMONTE'S CORNILLIA will force Whiskers upon the smoothest face, or Hair upon Bald Heads Never known to fail. Sample sent for 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO. 48 Nassau St., New York. 1y30

Married.

In Augusta, Dec. 22d, by Rev. O. A. King, Chas. P. Foster of Winthrop, to Fannie H. Marshall of Augusta; also, Dec. 11th, by same, Alanson P. Green of Wilton, to Maggie Moody of Windsor; Dec. 23d, by Rev. C. F. Penney, John P. Whitney to Nancy M. Reeves; also, by same, Sewall R. Reeves to Mary E. Whitney, all of Augusta.

In Summit, Miss., Nov. 7th, by Rev. Mr. Kelly, David McDonald, formerly of Pittston, to Georgie Lynch, formerly of New Orleans, La

In Litchfield, Dec. 13th, by Rev. J. T. Hawes, Jas. Lydston, of Washington, D. C., to Julia A. Chase, of Litchfield.

In Charleston, Dec. 3d, by Rev. J. T. Howe, Wm. K. Hanson to Philena F. Ames, both of Atkinson; also, by same, Alphonso H. Mitchell to Maria J. Curtis, both of Charleston.

Died.

In Augusta, Dec. 9th, Frederick W. Dearborn, aged 80 years.

In Hallowell, Dec 12th, of consumption, Anna L. Hopkins, aged 17 years.

In Pittsfield, Dec. 12th, Dea. John A. Wilson, aged 61 years.

In Ea. Orrington, Dec. 14th, Wm. Rider, aged 81 years.

In Rockland, Dec. 5th, Miss Mehitable Storer, aged 62.

In Camden, Dec. 5th, Clarissa, wife of Jonas Howe, aged 56 years.

In Sidney, Dec. 1st, Mrs. Mary Moores, formerly of Vienna, aged 99 years 7 months.

In Rumford, Sept. 20th, Sarah, wife of Asa Vose, aged 68 years; Oct. 6th, Sarah, wife of O. L. Howard, aged 27 years.

In Greenville, Dec. 12th, Elijah Young, aged 60 years.

"Systematic and persistent Advertising the sure road to success in business."

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RELIGIOUS, AGRICULTURAL & LITERARY,

Comprising the BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUMS in the Country, their

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Penetrating to nearly or quite every post-office, and the firesides of the large majority of the Intelligent Reading Public of the Northern States. Advertisements inserted in this list occupy the **best attainable position,** while it is offered at a Price which will Repay Investigation. It includes

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THE LATEST AND BEST.

Primary, 40c. Elementary. 60c. Practical, $1,00.

Perfect Text-Books, with no defects. So say Teachers who use them. Going in everywhere. Specimens mailed to Teachers at half the above prices. *Agents wanted in every county.*

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An English Grammar. $1,00. First Book, 50c.

These books make thorough grammarians with half the labor required by any other system.

QUACKENBOS'S HISTORIES.

Primary History United States.	$1.00
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Quackenbos's Philosophy,	2 00

Everywhere used and commended. The most favorable terms made for introduction. Address

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,

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REVOLUTION IN THE PRICES OF CARPETINGS.

NEW CARPET WAREHOUSE,

47 Washington St, Boston.

UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES.

In opening this Carpet War house, the subscriber intends to keep before the people a complete assortment of high and low grades of Goods, at such prices as will attract the great mass of trade. My whole stock having been purchased within the last ten days at the present depressed state of the market, admits of my presenting such inducements to purchasers as cannot be found elsewhere.

One invoice of 50,000 yards at 62½ cents per yard.

The Cheapest Carpets in the World,

Not half the value. These are beautiful and durable, in imitation of Velvet, Brussells and Tapestry figures, suitable for parlors, sitting-rooms, Chambers or Stairs, or wherever a Carpet is needed.

An invoice of 20,000 yards Chamber Carpets at 50 cents per yard—Very cheap.

An invoice of 30,000 yards Scotch Hemp at 30 cents per yard.

Also, an invoice of 25,000 yards Kidderminster at $1 per yard, such as are selling at $1.50. Also, Brussels, Tapestry Brussels', Three-Plys, Superfines, Stair Carpetings, Rockings Rugs, Mats, and all articles usually found in a first-class Carpet Warehouse.

FLOOR OIL-CLOTHS.

Will be made a specialty. 800 pieces, from 30 cents per yard up to the finest sheet goods.

JOHN J. PEASLEY.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

47 Washington St., Boston.

☞ Samples sent by Mail free. 4w8

BICKFORD PATENT FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE.

Will knit 15,000 stitches, or 18 inches of perfect work in a minute—will knit, heel and toe complete—a flat web with selvage edges. Will knit every variety of plain or fancy work, with yarn of any material or size. It will pay its cost (of only $25, complete,) in a few days. Send by Express everywhere. Agents wanted in every section of the country. Send with stamp, for circulars and terms, to the Bickford Novelty Manufacturing Company,

No. 52 Bromfield Street, BOSTON, MASS.

DANA BICKFORD, Prest. 4w3 S. PHELPS, Treas.

"ECONOMY IS WEALH."—FRANKLIN.

Why will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine, when $25 will buy a better one for all Practical purposes. Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscriber beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "MAGALLOS" Machine is to be had in any quantity. This Machine is a double thread, complete with Table, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel ALL others, as thousands of patrons will testify.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.—Machines sent to Agents on trial, and *given away* to families who are needy and deserving. Address J. C. OTIS & CO., Boston, Mass. 12w3

$10 A DAY MADE BY ANY ONE.

With my Patent Stencil Tools. I prepay samples free. Beware of infringers My circulars will explain. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield Vt. 1y2

RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA.

WHITE'S ELIXIR cures such cases as these:

Mr. J. C. Philbrick, of the Atlantic House at Rye Beach, suffered with Rhematism 22 years! He spent more than *two thousand dollars* for medicines and advice without much benefit, and the Elixir cured him entirely, so that he is not lame!

Miss Louise B. Beaman, No. 5 Grech St., had Neuralgia so severely she was given up by one of the oldest and best Physicians in Boston, who said *nothing more could be done for her.* One bottle entirely cured her!

All ordinary cases are cured by a few teaspoonful doses. All Druggists sell it, or it will be sent any where on receipt of $1, or six bottles for $5.

Send a red stamp and receive a circular containing the names of eleven of the most remarkable cures ever known, of which the proprietor has recently 9oth. Address J. WHITE, Druggist, 38 Leverett St., Boston, Mass. 4w3

FOWLE'S PILE AND HUMOR DOCTOR.

☞ *One Bottle warranted a perfect cure in all kind of* PILES. *Two to three bottles in the worst cases of* LEPROSY, SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM, and all Diseases of the Skin. For Internal and External Use. In case of failure, all Dealers will return the money, and charge it to the proprietor. No cases of failure in *Piles or Humors* for ten years.

Prepared by HENRY D. FOWLE, *Chemist,*

Sold everywhere. 4w3 71 Prince Street, Boston.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

DR. RUSSEL'S GREAT AMERICAN BURN REMEDY removes fire from burns in ten minutes.

MAY'S ROYAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS,

The best in the world!

MAY'S OLD CONSTITUTION BITTERS—the Great Cure for Dyspepsia and Stomach Disorders.

NEWELL'S UNIVERSAL COUGH DROPS—Infallible cure in Cold and Throat Complaints.

NEWELL'S CAPSENIA—the greatest Panacea in medicine for Cholera and Fever and Ague.

For sale by all Druggists. NEWELL, MAY & CO. Proprietors, 21 & 23 Haverill Street, Boston, Mass. 4w3

DR. C. B. LIGHTHILL,

The Celebrated Oculist and Aurist.

Im compliance with numerous requests,

WILL RETURN TO AUGUSTA,

January 1st, 1868, and Remain

AT THE

MANSION HOUSE,

Where he can be consulted daily on

Deafness, Catarrh, Blindness,

And all the various diseases of the

EYE, EAR, THROAT AND LUNGS.

DOWN! DOWN!! DOWN!!!

CLOTHING CHEAPER THAN EVER!

COME ONE, COME ALL!

And examine my Stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

And Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Which I have marked at the present Market prices. Particular attention is called to my

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.

My Stock of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings cannot be surpassed in this city, all of which I am prepared to make to order in the most workmanlike manner. Every garment warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Particular attention given to Cutting.

R. T. BOSWORTH,

Few Doors South of Kennebec Bridge,

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Poetry.

IN A QUARRY.

BY HIRAM RICH.

Beat, beat, beat,
I toil in a quarry alone,
Till the day goes under the sea;
I hammer and rift the stone.

Beat, beat, beat,
Will ever the truth be known?
With every blow my life
Goes into the solid stone.

Beat, beat, beat,
To-morrow the visitors come;
Whatever may happen, my blocks,
To them be never so dumb.

Beat, beat, beat,
You have gathered about my knee,
When the dear, indifferent night
Held nothing so sweet for me.

Beat beat, beat!
Oh hearts that have hope with you there!
By the alter my hand hath hewn,
In the rapture and pause of prayer.

Beat, beat, beat,
In the lull of the hymn, ye bear
As it were an imprisoned heart,
O'erlaboring somewhere near.

Beat, beat, beat,
Ye may build whatever ye will,
But mark it, a ruin will creep
O'er column and cope and sill.

—*Round Table.*

Our Story-Teller.

DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER I.—THE AGED PILGRIMS.

I am sorry to have to begin a tale, which is really not intended to be objectionably squalid, in a public house. It is an unpromising opening, and one that is calculated to alienate the good opinion of a large section of readers, but I am not sure but that, after all, it has some artistic merit. It may be taken to stand to the coming chapters, in the relation that the opening scene in a pantomime does to the impossible glories that are to follow; it serves as a foil to them, and their effect is heightened by contrast with the dismal horrors which have preceded them. Please be good enough to suppose, for the moment, that the "Jolly Super" theatrical house of call is The Abode of the Demon Alcohol, and that the pretty but supercilious barmaid is a carnal embodiment of his familiar, the malignant Djin; raise the curtain to the air of "The Roast Beef of Old England," encourage the fiction that the conversation is spoken through the levelling medium of a pantomime mask, and all will be well. I promise you that there are bright fairies, pretty shepherdesses, princes with black hair, and big-headed monarchs, waiting at the wing for their cue to come on; and you must not quarrel with me if I avail myself of my privilege to delay their appearance until the progress of the plot demands it.

The "Jolly Super" is a dingy public house in the immediate neighborhood of the Theatre Royal Parnassus, and derives its main support from the custom of the "Parnassus" company, and that of their friends and admirers. Its name would suggest that the establishment appeals exclusively to the sympathies of the humbler members of the theatrical profession, but this is not, in point of fact, the case; indeed, a standing rule of the house, tacitly acquiesced in by all concerned, makes it a breach of etiquette for any member of a dramatic company to enter the private bar, unless his theatrical status entitle him to avail himself of the green-room of his theatre—a privilege accorded at the Parnassus to those members only whose salary amounted to a minimum of thirty shillings a week.

Besides the Parnassus company, the "Jolly Super" is much affected by members of a neighboring Literary Club, known to themselves and to the publishing world as the "Aged Pilgrims." The "Aged Pilgrims" are (as their name implies) a collection of young and middle-aged dramatic authors, novelists, reviewers, magazine writers, actors, "entertainers," and literary barristers. As a rule, the "Aged Pilgrims" are appreciated by the publishing world alone, and utterly unknown to the rest of society. They are, for the most part, clever fellows, but their cleverness is expended, mainly, upon anonymous magazine articles and daily newspaper work; so, if it should happen that any members of the "Aged Pilgrims" whom I may have occasion to introduce to you in the course of this story are not already known to you by name, you must not entertain a poor opinion of them on that account. You read all the novels that Mr. Mudie sends you, you know the peculiarities of their several authors, and you therefore suppose that you are acquainted with the name of every literary man, of talent, in England. But you never were more mistaken in the whole course of your existence. Who, do you suppose, writes the leading articles and reviews in the morning and weekly papers and in the monthly magazines? Men, my good friends, of whom, twenty chances to one, you have never heard, unless you are behind the scenes in these matters. Men with clear logical brains, and great literary ability; keen satirists, pleasant humorists, but men whose names, with perhaps half a dozen exceptions, are totally unknown to you. They are men who have devoted themselves to anonymous literature; and to the world at large they are as distinct from their writings as the Punch-and-Judy man is from the puppets he works. You get your Times every morning with your hot rolls; you read the leaders from beginning to end, but you would as soon think of setting yourself the task of finding out the names of the men who wrote them as of seeking an introduction to a peripatetic showman, because you have derived some whimsical amusement from his wooden dolls. So I warn you beforehand, that if you expect to find many notabilities among the "Aged Pilgrims," you will be disappointed. But take my word for it that they are mostly clever fellows, that they may all be termed good fellows, if you have no objection to place a liberal construction on the words; and, that whenever an "Aged Pilgrim" falls sick, and is thereby prevented from earning his weekly income, he has no occasion to appeal to his brother pilgrims for assistance, for assistance is volunteered with a liberality which only those who know how hardly the dole of a literary hack is earned can appreciate. I am bound, in justice to admit, that good fellows as they are, they have for the most part a reprehensible yearning for bar-parlors, long clays, and spittoons; but you must bear in mind that I prayed you to understand the term "good fellow" in the most liberal sense.

Of these "good fellows" one of the best was Ralph Warren—a tall, fair-haired young fellow, with a clever but not a strictly handsome face; indeed, if the truth must be spoken, his appearance spoke much too plainly of extremely irregular hours, and extremely regular brandies-and-soda, to justify any very complimentary remarks on that score. I am sorry to add that his clothes were rather mildewy, and his boots a trifle lop-sided; his linen, however, was clean, and so were his face and hands. I hardly know how to reconcile the term "gentlemanly" with this rather unpromising description, but there certainly was an air of easy frankness about Ralph Warren—a genial gentlemanly *bonhomie*, combined with a suggestion of quiet, conscious power, that induced you to forget his seediness and his sodas-and-brandy, and to dub him "gentleman" before you had enjoyed five minutes of his conversation.

In point of fact, Warren was a gentleman by birth and education. His father, Lieutenant-Colouel the Hon. Guy Warren, was the second son of Lord Singleton, an extremely wealthy but eccentric nobleman, who quarreled on principle with every member of his family, except his heir-apparent or presumptive for the time being. Lord Singleton had turned Ralph's father into the world at the age of sixteen, with an ensign's commission in a marching regiment and a hundred a year, coming to an unavowed determination to avail himself of the earliest opportunity that should arise of quarrelling with this unfortunate young officer, and of forbidding him the house. As a natural consequence the opportunity soon arose. Guy "went wrong" in the matter of debts before he had been six months with his regiment; his father paid the score without a murmur, intimated to Guy that he would not be cheerfully received at Singleton any more; and indeed, determined to hold no further converse with him at any time, unless it should unfortunately happen that his elder brother, Spencer, were to die childless, in which case Guy, as the heir for the time being, would come in for all the gratifying consideration which, until the occurrence of that untimely contingency, would be the hereditary right of his fortunate elder brother. At the same time Lord Singleton did not disguise from himself the bare possibility of such a complication taking place, and so, with the view of keeping Guy well before his eyes, so that he might be able to lay his hands upon him whenever he might happen to want him, he privately advanced that young officer's interests at the Horse Guards, and, indeed, went so far on one occasion as to pay the purchase-money for his captain's commission.

The old lord, however, was much too knowing a hand to do this good deed in his own name, and so lay himself open to the supposition of being accessible to the claims of impecunious kinsmen; he did it through a confidential valet, who, in the assumed character of a benevolent money-lender, called on Guy and offered to accommodate him with the necessary amount at insignificant interest, for any period he might choose to name, on his (Guy's) personal assurance that the money should be repaid as soon as Guy should find it convenient to do so. Of course the seedy lieutenant closed with the benevolent money-lender on the spot—the loan was there and then effected, and Guy sang the worthy usurer's praises to such effect among his brother officers and their friends, that that excellent person was embarrassed with innumerable applications from these straightened gentry for the loan of fabulous sums on the same security that Guy had given for the loan of the purchase-money for his captain's commission. It is, perhaps, hardly needful to add, that Lord Singleton's valet found it necessary to decline all the proposed negotiations.

It will not surprise the worldly-minded reader to hear that the treatment that Guy experienced at the hands of his ungenial parent contributed to sour that officer's mind against his own offspring generally, and against his second son, Ralph, in particular. Guy retired from the army on captain's half-pay, and although he rose on the half-pay list to a lieutenant-colonel's commission, this accession of dignity contributed in no way to increase his income. He married a young lady with five hundred a year of her own, and this, with his captain's half-pay, formed the bulk of his income. The lieutenant-colonel lived, all his year round, at a cheap watering place, with his wife and eldest son, a hopeless cripple; and when he had procured for Ralph a clerkship, in a bad government office, he considered that he had done his duty by the boy, and left him to shift for himself in London.

Ralph's method of shifting for himself was, at first, a failure. He took cheap rooms with a brother-clerk in Islington, attended at his office, and did his work in a slip-slop way during the day, dined flashily and unwholesomely at a cheap but showy eating house afterwards, spent his evening usually at one of the theatres or at Cremorne, knocked about at cheap places of disreputable resort, went to bed at two in the morning, not tipsy, but yet having drunk freely and unwholesomely, and woke up the next day with a hot head, a feverish pulse, and a mouth parched with cheap hot cigars. He got into debt with the moneylenders who infest Government offices, and was generally admitted by all who knew him to be going directly and unmistakably to the bad.

But Ralph was not a cad by instinct. A reaction set in, and although his life was anything but a spotless one from that moment, it was an immense improvement upon what it had been. He was a smart, clever fellow, with a natural turn for epigram and satire, and he began to turn these dangerous qualities to good effect in the columns of better-class periodicals. He began humbly and anonymously in obscure journals, but he obtained a certain measure of success in these, and this success induced him to aspire to greater things. He became, in course of time, a regular contributor to a weekly paper, and an occasional one to most of the monthly magazines. By degrees his income from these sources increased to such an extent as to justify him in throwing up his appointment in his seedy government office, and taking to literature as his sole means of support. He joined the "Aged Pilgrims," with whom his smart, showy, conversational powers and irrepressible good humor made him an immense favorite. He had belonged to their brotherhood for about two years at the date of his introduction to the reader. I again apologize for bringing him into notice amid the unpolite surroundings of a theatrical house of call, but as, unfortunately, the "Jolly Super" was the place where Ralph Warren was generally to be found, as it was here that he, in company with other Aged Pilgrims, usually dined, always wrote his articles, and generally spent his evenings, it will be seen that I have an excuse for so doing. After all, he was more to be pitied than blamed. If he had only had an opportunity of making himself at home with three or four decent families of regular habits and with pretty daughters in them, he would have been as much disgusted with this Bohemian life as you yourself are. But this opportunity had never been offered to him, and so he stuck to his Bohemianism as the only form of life which was open to him.

Ralph was sitting in the club-room of the "Aged Pilgrims," on the first floor of the "Jolly Super," with half-a-dozen other members of that sociable brotherhood. They were not particularly jolly at that moment, for news had just arrived of the failure of a new speculative magazine in which they were all interested, and of the bankruptcy of the proprietor. Poor Warren was especially down in the mouth, as he had been sent down to Sheffield by the editor with instructions to remain a fortnight, and to "do" a chatty descriptive account of all the manufactures of that cheerless city for the magazine in question. By way of rider to his instructions, he was told to make himself as jolly as circumstances would permit, and not on any account to spare any expense. He had acted fully upon these hints—he had taken pains with the articles, he had spared no expense whatever, and he was anxiously expecting a cheque for a hundred and twenty-five pounds (seventy-five pounds for the papers and fifty for his hotel bill and travelling expenses) when the news of the collapse of the whole thing arrived. They were endeavoring to restore the balance of their equanimity with their customary panacea—brandy-and-soda; but whether it was that brandy-and-soda as a remedy did not apply to losses above five pounds, or whether the irrepressible good humor and aggravating jolity of Sam Travers (the low comedian of the Parnassus) who had that day signed an engagement for the next season at an increase of five pounds a week to his salary, operated as a damper with which it was impossible to contend, I don't know, but certainly the conversation flagged to an extent almost unknown among the "Aged Pilgrims."

"They say," said one of them, "that there won't be a penny in the pound. The whole thing is mortgaged to the paper-makers."

"Hang the paper-makers!" prayed another, while the rest chorused in "Amen!"

"Thirty pounds a month for 'Gnats and Camels,' till it ran through, I was to have had."

"Well, you'll get it off your hands in some other paper."

"Devil a bit; it was written to order—written up to some confounded blocks that the beggar bought wholesale of Flicker and Dowse before they went to smash."

"How much do you put your claim at, Ralph?"

"A hundred and twenty-five, and cheap enough, too, for a fortnight in Sheffield."

"It'll be all right, my boys," said Travers. "Never say die! Down one moment—up the next! Look at me—I began as call-boy and sub-deputy assistant property-man, at eight-and-sixpence a week, and I've just signed an engagement for five and thirty pound. It'll be your turn next. Lor' bless you, it isn't half such a bad world as people think! The devil isn't half as black as he's painted!"

"Nor speculating publishers half as white as they're white-washed," said Ralph. "O, come in; don't stand knocking there."

The door opened, and a waiter put a letter into Ralph's hand. A lawyer's letter—blue paper and a red criss-crossed wafer. At any other time Ralph would have kept it to stick, unopened, upon his mantel-piece, where it would have remained for months, while he and his friends amused themselves with lively conjectures as to its contents. But matters were getting serious, and he opened it with a solemn face.

"13, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, Feb. 4, 1860.

"SIR:—We regret to inform you that intelligence has just reached us of the death of the Right Hon. Baron Singleton and his eldest son, the Hon. Hugh Warren, who were unfortunately drowned by the sudden capsizing of a yacht off Selsey Bill. We are instructed by your father, the present Baron Singleton, to communicate to you his desire that you should join him at Singleton without any delay.

"We are instructed that you are at liberty to draw upon us to the amount of £100 (one hundred pounds) to defray your necessary expenses.

We have the honor to be, sir, yours, &c.,
WARDLE AND TAPP.

"To the Hon. Ralph Warren,
The 'Jolly Super,' Bedfordbury."

CHAPTER II.—LITTLE WOMAN.

Ralph Warren rose and left his companions without a word. He walked moodily down stairs, paid his score, and strolled into the street. It was some time before he could quite realize his position. The whole thing was so sudden, so wholesale—the unexpected change in his prospects was so overwhelming, that he had to repeat the contents of the letter several times to himself before he could realize them. He walked up and down Covent Garden for nearly an hour, and after he had read and re-read the astounding letter three or four dozen times, he began to realize the fact that instead of drudging wearily and obscurely at half-paid author work, he was to be suddenly removed to an almost brilliant position, with the probable command of what appeared to him to be unlimited wealth, and an almost certain prospect of a peerage; for his elder brother, the cripple, to whom allusion has already been made, would certainly never marry, and indeed was scarcely likely to live many years.

He put his hand into his breast pocket to open and read for the fiftieth time the communication which had so agitated him, and he drew forth by mistake a poor humble little letter addressed to him in a girlish hand. It reminded him that he had that evening promised to meet one Mary Vyner at Oxford Circus, at eight o'clock. It then wanted but twenty minutes to eight, so he went into the Strand and mounted an omnibus which would take him past the spot.

It's a dreadful thing to confess, but Mary Vyner was a milliner's assistant in Tigo street, Regent street. I am afraid I must add that Ralph Warren had never been properly introduced to her; and while I am about it, I may as well admit that he was in the habit of meeting her about twice a week, in the evening, too, at eight o'clock, and of taking her to a theatre, (he was on the free list everywhere) or some other place of amusement, where they beguiled the time until eleven, when Mary Vyner had to report herself in Vigo street. This is all very shocking indeed, and quite indefensible, and, indeed, the only time that anybody could find to say in palliation of its atrocity was, that Mary Vyner was, on the whole, a very good little girl, that Ralph Warren, although a free liver, was not an utterly unconscientious scamp, and that although they had known each other for about two years, no harm had ever come, or was ever likely to come, of their meetings. I don't mean to say that Mary Vyner was altogether a perfect character; she was rather thoughtless; rather too fond of admiration perhaps, and certainly imprudent in allowing Ralph Warren to meet her, time after time, without ascertaining how he proposed that these meetings should end. But notwithstanding this, Mary Vyner was a quiet, modest, ladylike little girl, whose greatest fault was an absolute devotion to, and an overwhelming belief in, the merits of the rather graceless young gentleman who was then on his way to meet her. She had learned to love him with all the fervor that her blind little heart was capable of; and if he did not reciprocate her attachment to its full extent, he was still a great deal too fond of Mary Vyner to do her any deliberate wrong. So these heedless young people met, and met, and met again, and beyond the fact that it was very shocking and highly improper, no harm whatever had hitherto come of it.

Ralph Warren was in some perplexity. He hardly knew how to break the important news to Mary Vyner, and still less did he know how to act with reference to her, now that his position was so materially altered.

"Mary," said he, when they met, "I've good and bad news. My grandfather is dead."

Mary had never heard of his having a grandfather, for Warren had purposely kept the aristocratic features of his family history a secret from her. However, he didn't seem very much distressed, and Mary condoled with him in the usual form. She was so matter-of-fact as to wind up by asking Singleton whether his position would be at all improved by it.

"Very considerably. He was Lord Singleton, and my father was his second son."

"Lord Singleton! Then there is only one between your father and the title?"

"There is not one. My father's elder brother died with my grandfather, and my father takes the peerage."

"Your father Lord Singleton? Oh, Ralph, you never told me this!"

"Why should I? It would have frightened you away from me."

"It would. Oh, Ralph, you won't leave me—say you won't leave me! Promise me that!" said poor little Mary, with her eyes full of tears.

"I must leave you for a short time to go to Singleton—my father's place; but—I will return."

They walked on in silence. It was pretty evident that they would "assist" at no theatre that night.

"Ralph," said she, after a pause, "you may go away from me if you like, and I will never follow you or trouble you again. I have loved you, oh, so much, so much! and I think I shall never be happy again if you go; but do go, dear Ralph, if you think it best. I shall be dreadfully sad and dull at first—oh!" (bursting into tears) "how sad and dull I shall be!"

"Little Woman!" said Ralph, placing her hand in his (it was quite dark,) "don't cry so terribly. Come into the Park, and we will talk this over."

I am afraid that when Ralph went to meet Mary Vyner that night, he had made up his mind that that meeting must be their last. But the Little Woman's sobs had moved him, and he felt that the tie between them was not to be so easily broken.

"Listen," said he, impulsively, but yet with a quiet force that astonished him, "I never openly told you that I loved you, because I never thought—well I didn't expect to be ever able to marry any one. But if you will have me, Little Woman, now that my prospects are brighter—if you will take me with all my faults, as I am—we will be married, privately, as soon as the affairs connected with my grandfather's and uncle's deaths are settled."

They stood still. Little Woman laid her fair young face against his strong chest, and he, bending his head, kissed the big brown eyes that looked up so trustfully into his own.

And this was the plighting of Ralph Warner to Mary Vyner.

CHAPTER III.—LADY JULIA AND HER RIVAL.

Ralph Warner went down to join his father at Singleton the next day. The meeting of the two was curious enough. Lord Singleton had neither seen nor heard from Ralph since that erratic young man left his government appointment to seek his bread as a journalist. As Lord Singleton's father had "discharged" him on the first occasion of his running counter to his will, so did he discharge his son. It was a part of the family code, supported by many precedents, that erring second sons should be discarded at the first opportunity, until some important family convulsion rendered it necessary that they should be forgiven. The death of the old Lord and his eldest son, and the consequent succession of Colonel Warren to the peerage, was an event of sufficient importance to bring father and son together again.—They were extremely gentlemanly, and, indeed, courteous to one another at first, but this dignified state of things at length relapsed into a more cold toleration of one another's presence. The health of the poor crippled elder son was failing fast, and it soon became evident that the ex-journalist would in all probability succeed to the style, title and estates of Lord Singleton.

So it became necessary that he should marry, and marry well, and the lady selected for him by his father was that haughty, imperious beauty, Lady Julia Domner, the only daughter of the Earl of Sangazure, K. G., Lord Lieutenant of the County, and Honorary Colonel of the Turniptopshire Yeomanry.

If I have conveyed the impression (and I am afraid I have) that all this was arranged the day after Ralph's arrival at Singleton, I must stop to correct it. It was the work of fifteen months. I should like to have conveyed some notion of that interval of time by expatiating at considerable length upon the demeanor of Lord Singleton, and his son on stepping suddenly from the gloom of almost penniless obscurity into the full blaze of nobility, wealth and county distinction. I should like to have told how the new lord made himself utterly ridiculous at first, how, by slow degrees, he arrived at something like a proper appreciation of the form of conduct which was expected of him, and how eventually he subsided into a very respectable type of a wealthy but rather foolish county swell. I should like to show how Ralph also made all sorts of blunders at first, more particularly in the matter of field sports and other country amusements, with which he was of course wholly unfamiliar. However he had more of the natural gentleman about him than his father, and at the dinner table or in the drawing-room his behavior was unexceptionable. I should like also to have shown how, at first, he corresponded (though secretly) with Mary Vyner—how Little Woman's eyes gradually, though surely, opened to the fact that Ralph was slowly "getting out of it": how she bore his faithlessness at first with a sham pride which did not sit at all comfortably on her homely little shoulders, and how the sham pride eventually broke down and left her as weeping, heart-broken, deserted and hopeless a little woman as any in wide London. But there are other matters more immediately to the point, and I must not run on too long.

Lady Julia Domner was, as I have said, a cold, imperious beauty. Her father was an impoverished peer, who hoped, by an alliance with the wealthy Warrens, to secure a becoming position for his only daughter. Lord Singleton saw, clearly enough, that his county position would stand all the more strongly from the shoring-up that it would derive from an alliance with Lord Sangazure's family. Ralph, completely cut off from his old associates, and anxious to gain a good footing in his new position, didn't much care whom he married, so that that end was obtained. So the marriage was determined upon, and all parties were satisfied.

In justice to Ralph, I must admit that his desertion of poor Mary Vyner was not unattended by some serious qualms of conscience. He thought often and often of the poor little girl, read over and over again the long touching letters that she wrote upon its becoming evident to her that he was casting her off. But a sense that a public acknowledgement of her as his wife was out of the question, and moreover that he had gone too far with Lady Julia to render it possible that he could break it off with her without bringing himself into public contempt, reconciled him, to some extent, to the course of conduct he was pursuing.

He was not happy in his courtship of Lady Julia. He had always preferred the pretty to the magnificent, and her sister's brother's plump governess was very much more to his mind. Lady Julia began by treating him rather coldly, but she was a clever and intensely appreciative woman, and the singular charm of Ralph's conversation eventually exercised an extraordinary fascination over her. She began by rather disliking him than otherwise—she ended by loving him with as much devotion as her cold, undemonstrative nature was capable of.

The first novelty of the thing over, Ralph found that the fetters of a formal engagement bored him fearfully. The eternal rides and drives—always with the same companions; the eternal congratulations—always in the same form of words; the eternal evenings at Lord Sangazure's, each a *replica* of its predecessor, came to be looked upon by him with a feeling little short of aversion. He contrived to maintain an outward semblance of affection; but it was a hollow sham, and he knew it, and his weariness was aggravated from time to time by receiving, at long intervals, letters from Little Woman, written in passionate bursts of grief, imploring him to send her some sign, if it was but a glove that he had worn. But Ralph could never make up his mind to open them—he kissed them and tore them up as they were.

He was altogether in a very unsatisfactory state of mind. He endeavored at one time to revive the old happy Bohemian days by inviting Dick Pender, who wrote sporting novels, and two or three other "Aged Pilgrims," down to Singleton, but the scheme failed. Dick Pender was worth nothing on horseback, and the others spent the whole day in the billiard-room, and the evenings passed in a sort of genteel martyrdom on the drawing-room ottomans, listening to vapid county politics and stable talk, of which they understood never one word. Dick Pender made many notes on sporting subjects, of which he eventually made profitable use, but the others gained neither profit nor pleasure by the visit, and it was never repeated.

To return to Mary Vyner. The Little Woman fell dangerously sick shortly after her discovery of Ralph's faithlessness, and it became necessary that she should have country air; so she spent six months with her only relation, an uncle, who farmed a considerable number of acres in South Wales. She never breathed to any one the cause of her illness, and when at length she recovered, and returned to Vigo street to her work, it was supposed by her companions that her attachment to Ralph Warren was a thing altogether of the past, and her quiet, subdued demeanor was ascribed by them to the effect of the serious illness from which she had barely recovered. But Little Woman's thoughts still ran on the clever scapegrace who had left her. She made all sorts of excuses to herself for his desertion, and hoped and prayed that a day would come when he would return to her. It was silly enough in Little Woman to think such a thing possible, but in her seclusion in South Wales she had not heard of his engagement, and for aught she knew, he might be out of England, and so her letters might not have reached him.

But the young ladies at the establishment in Vigo street subscribed to take in the *Times*, and in the columns of that paper she read one day that the alliance between Hon. Ralph Warren and Lady Julia Domner, which had for some time been in contemplation, was definitely fixed to take place at Sangazure Hall, her father's seat, on the 15th of the ensuing month, and the festivities of that occasion were to be on a scale of surpassing splendor.

She was an impulsive little girl. She only waited to get leave of absence from the Lady Superior, and off she started to Singleton. With a beating heart she inquired for Ralph, and was told that he had just left unexpectedly for the continent, and it was not known when he would return. She then asked the way to Sangazure Hall, and finding that it was six miles distant, she hired a trap at the inn, and drove there as fast as she could induce the flyman to take her.

At Sangazure she learnt that Lady Julia Domner was very unwell, and unable to see any one, but on sending a message to the effect that her business was of the deepest importance, Lady Julia consented to receive her. Little Woman's big heart bounded within her as she was ushered into her presence.

Lady Julia was a very beautiful woman, with a marble face and blue-black hair, and Little Woman felt her blood rush home as she looked upon her magnificent rival. But she did not cry—she was too excited for that; she stood in the centre of the room with one hand pressed to her heart, and breathing heavily, as one who had overtaxed her strength in running.

"Who are you? what do you want with me?" asked Lady Julia.

"I have come all the way from town to see you; forgive me—I am so unhappy!" gasped poor Little Woman.

"But what business have you with me? I am unwell, and may not be intruded upon without good cause."

"Lady Julia, I went first to Singleton, but he was not there."

Lady Julia started.

"Has your business any connection with Mr. Warren?"

Little Woman nodded affirmatively—she had no breath to speak with.

"Speak out—don't be afraid; let me know everything."

The proud woman seemed strangely agitated, although her countenance still wore the same cold marble rigidity as when Mary first entered the room. It was in the heaving of that magnificent bust, and the nervous clutching of those long firm fingers, that Mary saw that her words had worked some extraordinary effect on her rival.

"I am Mary Vyner—he loved me. Oh! I'm sure he loved me; give him back to me! Oh, Lady Julia, have mercy upon me!"

"*He* loved You!"

"Oh! so well; but that was long ago, when he was poor. He left me on his grandfather's death, promising to come back and marry me; but he never came, and I have been so ill."

Little Woman's tears came now.

"You should not have come here to seek your paramour—"

The tears stopped, frightened away by the indignant flash of Little Woman's eyes. Lady Julia saw that she had made a mistake.

"I beg your pardon," said she; "I spoke in hot blood. Mr. Warren is not here; it will perhaps be some consolation to you to learn that he and I are utter strangers from this day. He has just left Singleton, and will never return."

"Left you?"

"Left me. It is enough for you to know that. If it will tend to restore your peace of mind to learn that Mr. Warren is nothing whatever to me—"

The tears in her proud eyes belied it, and she turned aside to hide them. But they came all the more for that, although she strove with all the force of her strong will to repress them. At last she bent her head upon the arm of the sofa on which she was sitting, and let them have their way.

Little Woman crept timidly to her side, and with fear and trembling took her noble rival's hand. Lady Julia did not withdraw it.

"Lady Julia, you are a lady of high rank, I am a poor milliner's girl; don't let me forget that in what I am going to say. I loved Ralph (I must call him so) devotedly; I love him still, or I should not be here. Before he quitted me, each day was an earthly life that died and left me in heaven. He was so good to me, so kind to me, so true to me; he was so clever, and I so commonplace. He left me to go to Singleton, and I have never seen him since. I have been true to him—who would not be?—I have waited and waited for him, believed in him through the long dreary days and the cold black nights—through a long, long illness which nearly killed me—through my slow recovery—even through the knowledge that he was on the point of being married to you. I loved him in my humble way as devotedly as you could have done, and suffered when he left me as you suffer now. Dear Lady Julia, I came here in hot anger to upbraid you for having torn my love from me; I remain to tell you how well I know how to sympathize with your bereavement, and to beg of you to pardon me for having broken in upon you with my selfish sorrow at such a time."

Lady Julia bent her beautiful head upon Little Woman's shoulder. All sense of animosity, all distinction of rank, was swamped by their common grief.

"We are sisters in our sorrow. God bless you, Mary Vyner, for your sympathy. You must leave me now; but take this ring, which may serve to remind you of the strange bond between us. Now, go, but come and see me when I am stronger."

And Little Woman, with her hot sorrow strangely chastened, hurried back to town.

* * * * * * *

And there she found, at last, a letter from Ralph. A hot, fevered letter, written under a passionate pulse—a letter that told her how he had longed for her throughout his engagement to another, how her form had been in his mind all day, and in his eyes all night, how he had chafed under the fetters he had woven for himself, how he had freed himself from them at one reckless bound, and how he would be at the old trysting place at the old time that night.

And Little Woman kept the appointment.—*Rutledge's Christian Annual.*

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